FRANCE AND SOCIALISM. BY LAURENCE JERROLD.

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THE KNIGHT ERRANT.

Lady, I know your gaze is bent
Across a listening continent
To where your sky-line far and pale
Expects the lifting of my sail
Out of the world it shuts from view—
The sky-line between me and you!

O Lady, Lady of my dreams,
O'er windy hills and tangled streams
You watch until my ship shall ride
The front of the arriving tide;
You watch until the shore shall feel
The shock of my expected keel.

You know how tall the plume that I
Shall shake against the morning sky,
How bright my sword and lance; you know
The very road that I must go,
Whereon my horse's hoofs in fire
Shall beat the tune of my desire.

So do your eyes expect me still
To top the summit of the hill;
So are your ears prepared to note
My trumpet blown beyond the moat;
So do your heart and soul await
My hand in summons at your gate.

Because of this the dawns arise
For me into enchanted skies,
And twilight knits a trembling space
About the shadows of your face,
And all the hours of darkness are
Made vast with you as with a star.

And thus for you the dusk is tense
With music of mine imminence,
And shifting shafts of noon define
The journey that shall yet be mine,
And dimly through the starlit air
Mine eyes confront you unaware.

Lo! in this service year by year
My heart sets to you as a spear
Sets to the battle's central roar,
Or as the tide turns to the shore,
Or as the wind yearns to be free,
Or as Orion seeks the sea.

Lo! I shall come: the years are cast
Vaguely into the vacant Past
Like stones into a well; a smile
Is lovely on your lips the while,
And still your eyes unsleeping keep
The secret of the wells of sleep.

You see no novel thing nor strange,
You change not with the moons that change;
The blowing and the fading flowers
Return upon the unreckoned hours;
The wandering seas that win and lose
Neither reward you nor refuse.

But ah! the meeting when at last
Those hindering seas are overpassed,
And the coiled continents unfold
My silver spear and plume of gold—
When streams are crossed and gates flung wide,
And the long quest is satisfied!

Gerald Gould.

The Spectator.

THE OLD FIDDLER.

Here by the wayside I sit to show my wares,
Few stay to look at them and none linger long:—
The money in their pockets they are keeping for the fairs,
Nothing they have to give for my poor song.

Here by the laneside I sit, for I am tired
Of the crowded coach-road and its passers-by,
From morn to night the people, but never one who desired
To look or have speech with such as I.

Here from the hillside I can look across the bay,
Watch wave after wave come swelling from the west,
See the mile-long breakers wake white and shining through the day,
Hear them in the night when all else has rest.

Content at my journey's end I sit here alone,
My eyes on the ships as they pass on the sea.
It is with them my heart goes, for with them my friend has gone,
While here I rest till the call comes for me.

H. Charlewood Turner.

The Saturday Review.

FRANCE AND SOCIALISM.

Socialism is a power in French politics, not in French life. Its pledged battalion in Parliament often rules Governments; it has raised men to Cabinet rank, and at least its name is the password for an army of politicians. The "Unified Socialist" party in the present chamber is nearly sixty strong, half the governing Radical party calls itself "Socialist Radical," and no Republican majority could be formed now against the name of Socialism. Collectivism, expropriation, with or without compensation, nationalization, State purchase of railways as a preliminary step, national monopolies, and State ownership of mines, of vineyards, and of docks, and of wheatfields to come, national confiscation of land and capital, have been in the political air for years. Political leaders have played every variation on the tunes, and their hearers know them by heart. In no country is Socialism so much of a household word and such a political power; yet probably in none is it less of a household thing and less of a social power. France is more easy to know superficially, but perhaps even less easy to know deeply, than England. We have our glorious inconsistencies in the manner of our national life, and rejoice in them jealously, but we are uncommonly practical in our politics. We have many kinds of imagination, but not the political. The French people has political imagination supremely, but remains deeply practical and logical in its real life. We are constantly surprising foreigners by the contrast between our level-headed, occasionally dull politicians, and our own sometimes wayward selves. Our public men are intensely sober, but has not English individual thought been as gloriously drunk as any in Europe? We seem to keep our politicians to sober us; France chooses hers imaginatively. She amazes observers by the opposite contrast between the sobriety of herself and the intoxication of her politicians. Perhaps the English minds given to drink do not go into politics; the French do: France likes them to do so. She keeps public men to satisfy her imagination, and she thinks her wildest political thoughts through them. They are never the drag upon her; she always remains the drag upon them. When we go to the polls we brace ourselves up, or rather down, and if we have perchance been flying high before, tell ourselves that now we must keep to the earth. The Frenchman soars when he goes to vote, dreams of the millennium, loves his dream, and is often at the top of his flight when he drops the paper into the ballot box. Then he goes home to his own level, practical, solid everyday life. Nor does he constantly repent at leisure. He naturally grumbles at his deputy after he has elected him. Of course, he pesters him with requests for favors; one may call granting them the useful function of the deputy, while the ornamental is to satisfy his elector's imagination, who likes watching a political arena upraised above the ordinary earth on which he moves, and great political struggles in the air. His idea is that some good may come of them in the long run. He has a feeling that it is not worth while paying Members of Parliament merely to do the dull business of the nation—though, it is true, he does call it paying rather high when they raise their own salaries from £300 to £600 a year. We keep ours, without paying them, to the grindstone, but the French would prefer that theirs should give the nobler spectacle of a battle of ideas. Thus a great forensic encounter between M.

Jaurès, champion of Socialism, and M. Clemenceau, tilting at him under the pennant of Individualism, rejoices the French electorate. The present Chamber is disappointing its constituents, not because, having done hitherto almost nothing at all, it has done nothing practical, but because it has done nothing ideal. Doing just as little, it might have satisfied the electorate had it been more often a ring for such tournaments of ideas, and in the public estimation a certain squalor in some of its debates might have been compensated more easily by more frequent excursions into abstract sociology than by greater attention to plain business. Who can imagine such a duel as that of Socialism versus Individualism in the House of Commons, or picture the feelings of the British taxpayer if any such ever were to come off? English politics can be studied through English politicians, for it is generally safe to say that these are not soaring above the heads of their countrymen. The politics of France must be studied with one eye constantly on the French people itself, which gives its public men rope into regions far away from its own surroundings.

Watch small borough constituencies, somewhere in the oldest part of real France, the Ile de France, Champagne, or along the Loire, on the two successive ballot Sundays at a fortnight's interval during the process of returning "Socialist Radical" deputies. The leading chemist, true to Flaubert tradition, is "advanced" and eloquent. The business genius of the place who startled Moyenneville-en-Brie last year by his enterprise in opening the bazaar "At the City of Paris," which is killing all the little old shops, is a "Collectivist"—in politics. The "receiver in registration" has of late added "Socialist" to his former Radical label. The "keeper of mortgages" is inclining that way, but still makes reservations. Dry, old, blue-smocked "Père Baigne-dans-le-beurre," whose nickname thus vividly tells the local belief, which he strongly deprecates, that he is rolling in money, hums and haws mysteriously over political questions, but drops terse hints that, after all, one must go with one's time, and that Balandreau (the chemist's candidate) seems a man of the age. The Sub-Prefect can be left out of account, distraught as he is between his official instructions from the Home Office for the elections and the suspicion that behind them lurk other unofficial meanings, and wondering in agony whether he be not expected to canvass secretly for this man while openly pushing that other, and how far he may not blunder, either by lukewarmness or by too much zeal. The parish priest may also be passed over, as he is bound hand and foot to the local Royalist squire, who has the estates but no longer the influence of a squire, and to a lost cause. When he was a servant of the State he could afford sometimes to be a Republican and even a Radical. But the Republic by disestablishment has made a present of him to her opponents, and now he must go against the Republic to make a livelihood, even if he had been on her side before, which, indeed, he seldom was.

The Socialist Radical candidate is returned, the Café du Commerce rejoices, the chemist and the business genius of Moyenneville exult at dominoes, the receiver in registration and the keeper of mortgages are less exuberantly satisfied, as becomes their official position, the Père Baigne-dans-le-beurre nods his head and utters short, sage remarks, which, without committing him, may be understood to imply that, although (possibly) he may not have actually plumped Socialist Radical, yet the new deputy may, since he now is the new deputy, count upon his prudent approval and support, with

certain mysterious reservations which nothing will persuade the Père Baigne-dans-le-beurre to state in so many words. Politically, the net result of it all is that Moyenneville-en-Brie has sent a Socialist Radical to the chamber, who will form one of the links between the Government majority and the Unified Socialist party in a chain which often snaps but is constantly being mended again, and that is all the political world cares about. But if we continue to keep an eye on Moyenneville, shall we find the social result to be that Moyenneville has taken one step towards Socialism? The chemist has gone back to his drugs, the business genius to his "City of Paris," and Père Baigne-dans-le-beurre to his vines and his beets, and vines, beets, bazar, and drugs now rule their thoughts and order their lives, and promotion in registration and in mortgages is the sovereign care of the officials in those branches. The druggist's is probably a safe and steady business the world over; but in no country in the world can Moyenneville-en-Brie be equalled for the skill and ingenuity with which the "City of Paris" is conducted, the miraculous thrift and tireless, jealous and adoring care with which the Père Baigne-dans-le-beurre tends his fields and his farm, and the conscientiousness and integrity, on tiny salaries and in walks of life which lead nowhere, of the receiver in registration, and the keeper of mortgages. That is the social fact, by the side of the political; the rock-like steadiness of French life compared with the rocket-like flashes of French politics. Even the volcanic South, in its latest upheavals, did not really disturb that solid social fact. The Midi wants only to sell its wine: it aims at no newer goal than that. The conservatism of its purpose, in fact, has dismayed French Socialists. They barely conceal disdain for a country wedded to so low an ideal and so utterly estranged from high political theories, and cannot overcome alarm at the discovery that they are held of so little account, not even the matter of a pitcher of rough wine, in the thoughts of the South. A wordy proclamation of the Unified Socialist party urged the South to renounce its fatal unionism—fatal to Socialism—and to resort to "class war." Yet the South precisely has long returned Socialists and Socialist Radicals to Parliament. It is no paradox to argue that the "wine war" actually proved how steadily French life runs beneath the troubled surface of French politics. In much tragedy, the scene of burlesque was played by the deputies of the South, much against their will. Only one could venture down to his constituency; the others either retreated before volleys of vegetables and some stones, or remained safely away, content to telegraph messages from a distance. The Midi in health sends men to Parliament whose professed mission is to reform society; the Midi falls into a sickness—surely the ripe moment for regenerating the world, if you believe in your nostrum—and instead of trying the remedy, kicks out the physician for a quack. Never have politicians in France had such a blow. Freethinkers and Catholics and Protestants, Royalists and Bonapartists and Republicans, Conservatives and Socialists stand side by side in the South. The Midi in need drops politics; it wants only to sell its wine. It wants precisely to preserve the old order, not to try a new. M. Jaurès, proposing the "nationalization" of vineyards, raised a howl of laughter, and his own newspaper, *l'Humanité*, had to confess that Marcelin Albert was no Socialist. The troops which mutinied, mutinied not at all through anti-militarism, notwithstanding gleeful assertions of the General Labor Federation to the contrary, but through primitive allegiance to their soil and

their kindred, an instinctive local patriotism. For years political France has fought in the air; the first real fight on firm earth since the Commune has been one in which the army of revolt refused even the alliance of any political party. There never was a better proof how weak Socialism is in French life.

Socialists in France have gone the right way about to wrest power in French politics, but not to coax vitality for their cause from French life. Our Labor parties have been social first and political afterwards; French Socialism has been, and still is, political first and foremost. England began with Trade Unionism, France with Parliamentary Socialism; there lies a radical difference. The French Socialist party in Parliament "unified" itself in the latter years of the previous chamber, and arrived "unified" in the present, having ejected M. Millerand (thus a French forerunner of Mr. John Burns) because he had taken office under Waldeck-Rousseau, and retained by the skin of his teeth M. Jaurès, who had supported the Combes Cabinet. The party since the Dreyfus case has multiplied tenfold its political power. Under the Dupuy administration it was a worrying wing, far from "unified," of the extreme left opposition. During M. Brisson's short Government it sank all social questions, and stood for the Republic. Under the Waldeck-Rousseau administration it was pledged, forsaking all theory, to the defence of the Republic. While M. Combes was in power it remained in allegiance, and M. Jaurès constantly "saved the Republic," though Socialism was already then beginning to fret and to threaten "unification." Socialism has "unified" itself, M. Jaurès has been bound down to the shibboleths of the party, no-compromise M. Guesde, not in the previous chamber, was returned at the General Election of last year, and under the Clemenceau administration, after M. Sarrien's short-lived and colorless Cabinet—save for the color which M. Clemenceau put in it—the party makes a great show of independence. But the virtue, or the taint, of power remains. The Parliamentary Socialist party, now "unified," once helped, when it was a unit in the Republican defence party, to rule the Republic, and that it cannot forget. It has acquired for itself a comparatively new self-confidence which must last, and in the country the reputation of a statesmanlike party which it has not lost. In a few years Socialism in French politics has passed from an eccentric and flying position to a central and stable standing. Has it made any corresponding gain in French life? The united Socialist party has won reputation with the individualist middle classes, but it has lost as much among the Socialists of the masses. It has won power, but the power has accrued to the political party, not to Socialism. It has conquered its political position, not because it was a Socialist party, but because it was a political party; not because it had Socialist ideals but because it had political cleverness. The middle classes have learnt to admire its Parliamentary strategy and to respect the qualities of statesmanship which it showed while in league with the Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes Cabinets, but have learnt to ignore its Socialism. Having won power, it has imposed on all on whom power imposes. But the sort of power which it has won is precisely that which ought to defeat its own professed Socialist ideals. The Socialists, its constituents, presuming they were sincere, could not admire it for the power which others found admirable, and must become suspicious as others became trustful. Socialist working men believed in the Parliamentary Socialist party less as politicians believed in it more, and one can almost say that Socialism lost in the

country what it gained in the political world.

From the Socialist point of view it seems likely that the return of a large party of members with Socialist or "Socialist Radical" labels by constituents who do not take Socialism seriously advances the cause less than the return of a smaller party by constituents who take Socialism in deadly earnest. A seat won for "Socialist Radicalism" in Moyenneville hardly means a gain for Socialism in the country. Of course, the Socialist Labor vote also goes to the Socialist, or in default sometimes to the "Socialist Radical" candidate, as before, but it is given with cooling enthusiasm, and the days of fervent fellowship between the laboring man and the Labor Member seem to be over. The Socialist party "unified" itself with the idea of rekindling the old fires of faith in a Parliamentary phalanx pledged to regenerate the world. M. Jaurès challenges M. Clemenceau constantly for the same purpose, with an eye on the Socialist electorate. The party secedes from the Government majority still with the same end in view. But, in spite of all endeavors, little is achieved, and an original blunder mars everything: the breach between Parliamentary Socialism and Trade Unionism in France. The former is much older than the latter, and worked its way independently. Trade Unionism arose and grew also in independence. Neither honestly helped the other, and both mutually upbraided one another for their aloofness. The Parliamentary party, having got on very well without the syndicates, betrayed a disposition to go on doing without them, until it discovered one day lately that it could not. The Unions followed exactly the same line of thought, but have had no such rude awakening, for they are, on the contrary, still of a mind to dispense with the Parliamentary party. The latter is now running after them, and they make not one step towards a meeting. Distrust between Labor parties and Labor unions is old history in England also, but arises from almost exactly converse causes. In France the syndicates—which owe their legal existence to Waldeck-Rousseau's law of 1884, but are disabled from owning property of any kind by that same law, never amended though its author intended that the disability should eventually be removed—represent not vested rights, comparatively old traditions, strong and systematic organization, and the cast of mind which long-established social solidity gives, but, on the contrary, raw and rough material, hasty and floating combination, irresponsibility, juvenile impulsiveness, and the temper of the man who has little to lose, and possibly much to gain, in any venture or adventure which occasion may set before him. In fact, French Trade Unionism is peculiarly un-French, and has strangely few roots in the solid earth of French life; the very men who seem to think that no scheme is too wild for the policy of their syndicate certainly manage their own work and lives on far more business-like lines. Thus it is the Parliamentary party which has the traditions, the organized system, and the balance. But it has never troubled to bring up the Trade Unions the way they should go, and now they go their own gait, with the Parliamentary party, despairingly and against its better judgment, running after. The spectacle of M. Jaurès, leader for the present of the "Unified" Socialist party, panting in pursuit of the C.G.T. (the General Labor Federation), inwardly cursing it for putting on such pace, and outwardly making believe that it is not really going as fast as all that, at once fearing to be left behind, and dreading whither he is being taken, is quaint but undignified, with the severe M. Jules Guesde—who partly ow-

ing to illness has lately left the running, such as it is, to M. Jaurès, though a cordial detestation has long flourished between them — silently and sardonically looking on. The C.G.T., in which a sham union of thirty members may, for instance, have a vote, and another of twenty thousand have only another vote, does not represent French Trade Unionism fairly. But the Parliamentary Socialist party represents it still less, and the Unions, even when they distrust the C.G.T., appear to distrust the Parliamentary party quite as much. The latter for years attempted alternately to ignore or to "boss" them. The quarrel, for instance, over the contention upheld by the Parliamentary party that a Labor Member should attend Trade Union congresses on a par with Union delegates, his constituency being considered equivalent to a Union, is an old one. Nowadays the Unions can be neither ignored nor controlled by the Parliamentary party, and it looks very much as though the latter were to be controlled by them. In all the recent Labor agitations the "Unified" Socialist party, in its turn, has been ignored. Everything has been done over its head, and it has been placed in a ridiculous position. Strikes came one after the other, and surprised Socialists in the Chamber as much as Conservatives. Yet the former in the House could not give themselves away, and were forced to feign perfect knowledge of all that was happening and about to happen, while inwardly wondering what on earth the C.G.T. would do next. They could not disapprove openly without betraying the absurdity of their own position, yet approval pledged them to action which they could not control, which already alarmed them, and the eventual possibilities of which alarmed them still more. Their predicament continues and seems like to continue. The C.G.T. enjoys itself thoroughly the while, and publicly derides the Parliamentary party. "General strikes," "Down with the army," "Turn your rifles against your officers, troopers," "Rip up the *bourgeois*, workers, and spike his machinery," "*Sabotage*," "direct action," and so on, are so many squibs thrown into the "Unified" Socialist party which make it jump, and possibly to the C.G.T. a distracted "Unified" Socialist party is a more thoroughly amusing sight than an alarmed *bourgeoisie*, which is not really so very deeply alarmed, after all.

A noisier cracker than the rest is "anti-patriotism," invented by the delightful M. Gustave Hervé, podgy, jovial, generally on the broad grin, whom French Socialism and M. Jaurès, through fatal simplicity and almost childish waywardness, the Governmental parties with some disingenuousness, and reactionary politicians for their own far-reaching pet purposes, have done the invaluable service of taking seriously. French "unified" Socialism, meeting in congress, passed, by a small majority, a resolution which in its concluding sentence pledged the party to oppose war by every means, "even unto a general strike of workers and insurrection." International Socialism in congress drew the line at mutiny in war time, and German leaders said they would fight for their country. French Socialism found itself in a quandary, and is still there. To war against war by desertion and mutiny is obviously a game at which two must play. "Unified" French Socialism has been landed in an absurdity by M. Jaurès running helter-skelter after M. Hervé, who is a nobody in the party. All the Reactionary political world is naturally delighted, the Government majority of Radicals and "Socialist Radicals" scores by the facile appeal of a profession of patriotism to the most patriotic nation in the world and the cru-

ciest cut of all is that the C.G.T. and the Trade Unions still look on sardonic and silent. It is hard indeed that even "anti-patriotism" should not have won over the C.G.T. M. Hervé, who has no responsibility, representing only himself, shouts; M. Jaurès, with amazing recklessness, shouts louder to the same tune; the very earth of France, compact of patriotism, is shocked; all opponents of Socialism rejoice, having won half a battle without a fight; the Government alliance with Socialism snaps, temporarily at least, over the plausible cause of patriotism; a gross blunder in political tactics is committed—and the C.G.T. still turns a deaf ear. It has not given a sign that it has heard M. Jaurès and not lifted a voice to applaud his latest cry. We shall be next having the C.G.T. turn patriot to spite M. Jaurès and the Parliamentary Socialist party.

It has been said already that the C.G.T. is not really what it is supposed to be, a genuine representative federation of Labor unions. But the question is what side the bulk of the unions themselves will take when they have had enough of watching the game as at present. Whether it be not too late now for the "Unified" Socialist party to obtain a hold over Trade Unionism which was long left completely to itself, and the most enterprising leaders of which have been allowed to get completely out of hand, will be seen. But it seems likely that the Parliamentary Socialist party will in no other way be able to win power in the country. If it be relegated finally to the position of a mere political clique, Socialism in French life will be represented only by a small and explosive parcel of firebrands. These might or might not set light to Trade Unionism generally. Thus one may put it to opponents of Socialism, which they would prefer, an organized, statesmanlike, and businesslike working Socialism, which might be enlightened, but would still be Socialism, or a Socialism of mere fireworks, which might blow itself up, but might also blow other things up with it.

Explosions in France generally clear the way sooner or later for a strengthened fabric of authority and a yet more powerfully centralized Government, and that is the reason why the cue of French reactionary political parties (only while in opposition, of course) always has been to feign violently that explosions are imminent. If explosions threatened now, the course of events would be plain. As it is, the future of Socialism in France is a much more complex and interesting problem. The national French character seems in some ways cut out to realize Socialism, and in others bred to stultify it. There is one form of Socialism to which ancient French political instinct seems to tend, but it is precisely one from which the best modern French thought is averse. The promotion of a certain kind of Socialistic State, if undertaken, would be furthered naturally by some of the strongest and most solid elements in French life, but would then be opposed by many of its most enlightened and vital forces. On the other hand, the Socialism which these might work for would have against it the deadweight of many deep national characteristics. There is, in fact, a rooted French political instinct which might easily make for a form of State Socialism, but at the same time a fresher growth of thought is perhaps all the more hostile to State Socialism, because of the affinity between the latter and the old *étatisme* of the French political system. The Frenchman's worship of the State is an ancient but still hardy survival. He barely understands himself what a naturally governable man he is, and how instinctively he craves to feel that he is part of a highly organized social order. When the wildest words are

flying about, and the air is full of forebodings of anarchy and imprecations against upsetters of society, society still stands firm as a rock; the anarchist himself in private life looks up to the State; salvation from calamities overwhelming whole provinces is to come, not from the stricken people themselves, but from the State; and the inner purpose of revolution is understood often to be merely the substitution of another State for the present. It is not many steps, then, from *étatisme* to State Socialism. The Russian autocracy, for instance, has long looked with a kindly eye upon State Socialism. Other things equal, the most solid elements of French life might be accommodated to a Socialistic State, and one can imagine the law-abiding French citizen rejoicing in his solidarity with such a State, his respectability as a part of it, and his significance as a factor of an all-owning and all-managing collectivist order of Society, by the time that had become the solidly established order. The obvious obstacle is the vital instinct of proprietorship in the peasant who loves his land as much as his own flesh and blood; in the salaried artisan who puts by to be a master, however humble, in his turn one day; in the small shopkeeper who nurses a tiny business with almost passionate love and the unremitting care of three-quarters of a lifetime. But there is a higher and perhaps still stronger force against State Socialism. The present thinking generation in France has been through the cruder forms of Socialism and come out the other side. The political Socialist party is curiously and totally out of touch with intellectual France. It appears not to understand how its shibboleths were sifted by all thoughtful Frenchmen these many years, and how long ago the grain was separated from the chaff. It is a bad sign for "Unified" Socialism that it is estranged from the men who create the ideas of to-morrow. Among these will not be, as far as one can tell, the fetish of the State. A small set may be reviving sociology *à la* Hobbes, but the majority put the man first and society afterwards. No social revolution which might swamp the individual would escape the strenuous opposition of thinking Frenchmen. Intellectual anarchism, a few years ago, was an exaggeration of individualism. Nowadays, Socialism, if it became State Socialism, would certainly throw intellectual France into the arms of any opposing power, were it reactionary. Thinking Frenchmen have long ago accepted all that is liberal in Socialism, and would fight for that sifted and broadened Socialism. But they will not have *étatisme* still, under the name of Socialism, and they watch, rather hopelessly, the political Socialist party for signs of comprehension which do not appear.

Thus what Socialism by drifting into the narrow channel of State Socialism may gain from the support of the French instinctive attachment to a strong State, even grandmotherly to the extent of a benevolent despotism, it will lose through the opposition of that French thought which calls *étatisme* the enemy, and would prefer mild anarchy to a benign tyranny. But, on the other hand, any free and broad form of Socialism which the modern minds might advocate would find arrayed against it all the solid traditional elements of French life in one hard block, the instinct of proprietorship with the instinct of orderliness, the deep social love for a strongly organized State with individual ambition and dogged self-interest. A Socialism resting on free combination of energies, on the association of common interests in small forces, and the larger grouping of these till the whole nation were embodied, any such Socialism, safeguarding Indi-

vidualism, would be opposed by State Socialists as well as by anti-Socialists. Free combination would seem subversive to the State-worshipper, association of interests would appear quixotic to the intelligent self-seeker. Yet any such Socialism is the only form which the open modern mind can accept. The dilemma is interesting; the easier way for Socialism is to State Socialism, but is not the harder the only right way? It will be interesting to watch how in France Socialism will shape its course.

Laurence Jerrold.

The Fortnightly Review.

WHAT I LEARNT AT THE SALON D'AUTOMNE.

The Autumn Salon, relying too much at the beginning on the extravagance of some of its performances, is distinguished to-day by the variety and the high worth of its aims. Its exhibition, held in the vast and gay and stately chambers of the Grand Palais, is of necessity so large that it is quite impossible to exact from all contributors an exalted standard of quality, and therefore no small part of the show consists of Art popularized, of Art vulgarized, of ideas appropriated and diffused—of the application by hands comparatively unskilled of conventions of which the utility and beauty were discovered by gifted men. Imitativeness is one of the characteristics of this modern exhibition, as it is of all exhibitions which are large. But another characteristic—and at the beginning especially—was an originality sometimes natural and spontaneous, sometimes determined, deliberate, and artificial. Here then was the place both for freshness and for extravagance—here much more than at either of the Salons of May—the older official, "Les Artistes Français"; the newer, the "Société Nationale." There was—there is to-day even—much to avoid; there is also something to seek. Yet when I spoke of the "variety" and of the "high worth" of the Autumn Salon's aims, it was not exclusively, nor even chiefly, of recent successful experiment that I was thinking.

I was thinking of the variety secured by the inclusion, in each annual show, of the collection supposed to be representative of some real Master of a Past never remote — of a Past not so far from us but that it may be felt as an inspiration now. Last year, for instance, there was a gallery devoted to Courbet—Courbet, that man of supple and sound talent, who so surprisingly reconciled a certain conservatism with a certain initiative: Courbet, so bold and yet so charged with the traditions that in much of his work he went back, not to Rousseau or Constable, but to the great Seventeenth Century—to Ruysdael with his stream and torrent, his dark-gray rock and his skies, now quiet, now storm-driven. Very much of Courbet's landscape, of the valley of the Doubs, of his own native place, Ornans, of the ravines and steep hillsides that press crushingly on Besançon, owns that influence of an Art now Classic—finds its conventions to be a not unacceptable and a not inconvenient formula for the expression of observation independent and fresh. And Courbet's work, in each one of its different phases, has been recognized, none the less, as itself the inspirer of much that is most frank and fearless in the work of To-day.

This year, that part of the Autumn Salon which offers the interest of retrospect, and brings before us, *en bloc* to some extent—in notable groups, at all events—the work of this or that man whom death or cessation of labor has

not sufficed to extinguish, is concerned with the due exhibition in measure larger or more restricted—and the measure varies extremely—of the work of, say, six personalities, of all of whom it may not be declared that they are great. Greatness—if greatness means genius—belongs to two or three. The rest have mostly a charming and flexible talent, whose reputation—whose hold on the public, on the public of connoisseurs at the least—this exhibition enhances.

Yet there is one artist—a painter, Cézanne—who suffers vastly by the completeness of his display. Cézanne, an Impressionist, a few of whose Still-life pieces are hardly less than masterly specimens of a method as much his own as Chardin's was Chardin's, or as Ribot's was Ribot's, makes indiscreet revelation of failure after failure, fatal absolutely to the extension or the continuance of his fame. Not without a colorist's temperament—not without, as I have stated already, some characteristics original and valuable—Cézanne was for most of his efforts unequipped; and in most of his experiments he was ineffective. Those who, knowing what was his work, have yet maintained that he was a master, have received a rebuff. Rude justice has had to be administered: albeit regretfully as regards the painter and those whom he leaves behind. But Cézanne—worthy in his personality, interesting, even satisfactory in just a little of his labor—is the exception. The rest whom it has been endeavored to represent at the Autumn Salon will all assuredly more or less gain in position by this opportunity given us of greater, more intimate knowledge of their labors—of that work which is their truer and their more lasting selves.

One great sculptor was selected for representation. It was that profound and energetic artist, Carpeaux. People who know anything about French Sculpture know how widely its history has differed from that of English, and know that its distinguished place in the Art of the world is one due not wholly (though due in part) to quality of achievement: due, also, beyond a doubt, to the permanence of its traditions, to the unbroken succession of important, learned, and quite individual craftsmen—from Jean Gougon, of the Fontaine des Innocentes, to Pigalle, Falconnet, Clodion, Houdin: nay, to Carpeaux of yesterday—Carpeaux of the Second Empire—and to Dubois, Alfred Boucher, Idrac, Rodin, Théodore Rivière, a dozen others, all more or less of our time.

I have slipt in Rodin's name with the rest, a little mischievously—I have denied him the place British Youth of the moment would give him—the place "at the top of the bill." I have done it, of course, with a purpose; because, while I recognize the extent of Rodin's accomplishment, his force, his fearlessness, his naturalism, the seriousness of his talent—in his middle time especially—I am constrained to think that at bottom nothing is more foolish than that undue extolling of him with which the "perfervid Scot" and the ill-informed Englishman carry on the self-satisfied error of a garish admirer of many extravagant things—the late Mr. Henley, emphatic, but scarcely infallible. The fact is, cheap, sensational, second-rate Journalism *s'est emparé*—there is no other phrase—*s'est emparé* of poor Monsieur Rodin. On the shoulders of second-rate, cheap, sensational Journalism it has been the fate of M. Rodin to be lifted, temporarily, to the skies. Meantime, in England at least, Carpeaux has been forgotten, or has remained unknown, and the quite gifted depictor of huge naked gentlemen "thinking"[1]—of admirably-modelled women tumbling over each other in epileptic violence—is accepted by

[1] **La Penseur.**

judgments disastrously superficial as the one great sculptor produced in recent years, by that France—forsooth—in which artistic creation gushes from never-failing, irrepressible springs. Paris, of course, has not learnt so to ignore her Carpeaux—endowed as she is with the wild Dance in the Place de l'Opéra; with the work at the Pavilion de Flore; with the noble fountain, *The Four Quarters of the Globe*, at the head of a quiet avenue in her stateliest garden.

And now the Salon d'Automne has allowed us further acquaintance with this impulsive, yet ordered, this potent and graceful genius. It has shown us, in "the round," reproductions, schemes; it has shown us, on paper, drawings. The drawings are generally memoranda—memoranda or first thoughts. They have sensitiveness—a suggestion of charm. They are competent—answer their purpose. But I must ask leave to consider them less attractive in themselves—less self-sufficing, less decorative—than certain drawings I know of by Carrier-Belleuse, another of the Second Empire's distinguished sculptors. They—with a few exceptions, such as the wonderful heads of children—are no fresh revelation, no complete confirmation even, of Carpeaux's talent. They are wholly unlike, in this respect, the drawings of our great English sculptor of the Wellington monument and of a chimney-piece at Dorchester House: the sculptor, Alfred Stevens. But then there is absolutely no master of the Italian or of the French Renaissance against whose work the drawings of Alfred Stevens may not quite safely be set.

Where the appeal to us of Carpeaux is strengthened, certainly, is in the exhibition of several *ébauches* never carried to completion, and where it is strengthened most of all is in the opportunity given for renewing acquaintance with work like the bust of Dumas the younger, so impressed with his keenness of observation, his colossal sound sense, his courage, his goodness of nature; better still, the admirable monument to Watteau, which has the best of Eighteenth Century grace; the monument for Watteau's birthplace, Valenciennes, which was Carpeaux's birthplace too. Then there are portrait-busts, hardly less amazingly excellent than the *Dumas*, of the painter Gérôme with all his *finesse*, his kindness, his saddish satire, and of *l'Amiral Tréhouart*, a great Breton sailor, portrayed with what energy, character, truth! There is a delightful "project" for a representation of the Prince Imperial, a winning little figure, in knickerbockers—the boy's hand laid gently on a dog's head. I am not sure whether there have been seen before *La Confidence*—two figures drawn together by the *besoin de s'épancher*—and *Venus making Love Captive* with its powerful movement of seduction—a force, because a charm, irresistible and *entraînant*.

I have spoken incidentally of our English sculptor, Alfred Stevens. The other Alfred Stevens—Stevens, the fine painter, a man of Belgian birth, but of Parisian practice—was represented (in the Belgian section of the Salon, somehow) by half-a-dozen pictures, chosen most carefully, and the existence of which, had Stevens painted not one other stroke, would have amply justified a reputation which, nevertheless, since quantity counts, they might not have actually made. It is but rather recently that Mr. A. G. Temple—working diligently and successfully for the City—obtained for the Guildhall, in, of course, a temporary Show, adequate representation of this painter's art. It is a very subtle art exercising itself often, and with fearless veracity, upon themes whose selection and whose habitual treatment is a little apt to suggest vulgarity—or, at the very least,

the taste of the *bourgeois*. Well-to-do interiors, characteristic interiors, of the time of the Second Empire. At first perhaps their mere imitativeness—of the objects—strikes one. Later, one is engaged by their masterly attainment and disposition of color; and, latest, one realizes the delicate truth with which people by no means always attractive have been portrayed. Subtle certainly was Alfred Stevens, and on lines on which it is so much easier to be garish. Whistler—whose avowed admirations were not too numerous, but were those of a connoisseur rather than of a painter, since amongst them was included work having no visible affinity with his own—Whistler admired Stevens, as he admired Charles Keene. I remember he once wrote me a letter in which he carefully and cordially sounded the praises of both. Well, at the Grand Palais—quite as much as at the Guildhall—Alfred Stevens, the painter, was represented by masterpieces. A masterpiece more than ever seemed the Luxembourg's possession, *Chant Passionné*, brought over from the other side of the Seine. The *Remember*, a warm-haired young woman in an armchair, has the utmost *finesse* of expression: the expression in Van der Meer's *Smiling Girl*, with the soldier, scarcely goes beyond it. The solicitous young woman, in black, is extraordinarily good in *L'Inde à Paris*. It is Indian treasures that are exciting curiosity. And from the collection of M. Lequime, of Brussels, is *Tricoteuse* (or *La Dame en Gris*), a lady seated, and seen in profile. It is almost a monochrome. It is very lightly painted, and is of supreme delicacy of manipulation and hue.

The Salon d'Automne reminded, though it did not for the first time inform us, of the presence, rather recently, amongst French artists, of two women of singular skill. I mean Berthe Morisot and Eva Gonzalès. Both of them were influenced by Edouard Manet; both understood and admired him at a time when the author of *l'Olympia* and of *Le Bon Bock* was the object of *bourgeois* execration. Berthe Morisot, from being a friend, became by marriage a kinswoman of the painter whom in her visions of the coast she most resembles. The "decorative beauty" of Eva Gonzalès, and Manet's interest in her, made this second woman artist the theme of a remarkable portrait. Individuality did not desert either of these ladies. Each, while her works bear evidence as to who was her example and master, was of talent delicately personal, and neither fell for a moment into what is now the average woman painter's habitual mistake, the mistake of endeavoring to overcome the characteristics of her sex—the mistake of really *asserting* her sex, or rather of unwittingly betraying its fashionable weakness, by the adoption of a style extra-mannish, aggressive, and brutal. Madame Berthe Morisot especially was above this pretension. To a grace that may be a woman's always, she added a grace and an inspiration that is of the Eighteenth Century. In such delightful pieces as *Le Lever*, *La Psyché*, *Plage de Fécamp*, *Le Quai*, and *Intérieur* (Madame de Ganay's) she found the way of uniting, quite inextricably, elegance and truth.

It was a pleasure to see, at the Salon d'Automne, that which at this very moment we are about to see in London: a representation adequate, full, and exhaustive, of the brilliant etched work of our veteran Master of Etching—Seymour Haden. In France between forty and fifty years ago, were issued some of the earlier of Seymour Haden's prints. "Etudes à l'Eau-forte" was the name that series bore. Since then the attention of French amateurs has been engaged by many another manifestation of personality in an art

one of whose greatest recommendations it is that to the expression of personality it does so specially lend itself. And, to speak of very recent years only, the amateur has had placed before him the so different attractions of Zorn and Steinlen, Helleu and Eugène Béjot. For myself, I could discourse quite willingly, at length, of the virtues of these artists—of their characteristics—but they were not at the Autumn Salon; and even had they been at the Autumn Salon they would, I am certain, have asked nothing better than to stand aside for the time—not displaying themselves, but busy in proffering homage to Seymour Haden's masculine and prolific talent. His is a great manner, and his a noble vision, and the *ensemble* of his Work appeals to the student even more strongly than any individual examples of it.

A last paragraph or so I am bound to reserve—and it is indeed but little—for mention of a few striking, eminently notable things which the Salon d'Automne had gathered from amidst work only just accomplished. And, first, there were José-Maria Sert's decorations—panel on panel wrought by this most able Spanish artist for the adornment of the Cathedral of Vich, in his native land. Inspired by the energetic design of the later Renaissance, they come, in energy and impulse, only after the labor of the time that suggested them—the time with which they have affinity—and, energy and impulse being their qualities, it is impossible they can be merely imitative.

It is characteristic of our day that another fine decoration—a composition vast and manly: figures, wind-buffeted, on a long stretching coast—should, on investigation, be found destined for the adornment of a seaside hotel. The Hôtel de l'Epée at Quimper, in furthest Brittany, is to receive this evidence of Julien Lemordant's art. Of good Portraiture the Autumn Salon contained exceedingly little; but I admired the illumination and character in Walter Sickert's *Man in a Melon Hat*. Georges d'Espagnat's Still Life has always its fascination. Albert André's is not less typical of the best modern vision and modern method. And with what dignity he has given us, in his *En Provence*, that landscape of the South which, unless it is represented with dignity, is not represented, or even suggested, at all! In *Promenade* the slight touch of Martinez Ramos has not prevented his attainment of beautiful color; and *La Modiste* of Mademoiselle Langweil has a gesture of rare refinement and truth. Madame Delvolvé Carrière and M. Jacques Drésa—the one vague, graceful, decorative; the other incisive, courageous, boldly pictorial—show us that there are other and further ways of Flower Painting than we in England suspect, notwithstanding the knowledge we have of Van Aelst and Fantin, of Diaz and Vollon, of Clausen and Francis James. But Monsieur Drésa's Still Life does not confine itself to flowers. It includes a mantelpiece with white vases and silver candlesticks reflected in a mirror; and his deep-red roses—purplish roses—are in a *soupière bleue*, with the glow of a sapphire. It is not always by what is called pure water-color that Drésa obtains his effects, so delicate and rich. Nothing that helps comes amiss to him, and the restraint is that only which a taste rightly fastidious is sure to provide.

Frederick Wedmore.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

XIV

COLIN IS SPOKESMAN FOR BORONACH.

The temper of Boronach was capricious. One might forecast the attitude it was likely to take up on any particular point, but never with any great degree of certainty: the wind of popular opinion might veer as suddenly as the wind in Boronach Bay, which was notably uncertain. The character of the place was so complex, the current of feeling ran so strong in it, it was liable to so many side-winds of bias in this direction and that, it harked back so much to ancient custom and precedent, that a man might as well undertake to sail his boat to the islands and back with one steady breeze as to answer for it that Boronach would remain for any lengthened period in one mood.

Colin Stewart might well doubt the reception his generous offer would meet with among the people to whom it was made, and the result surprised no one as much as himself. For a day or two Boronach hesitated over its verdict on the business. Opinion wavered. Families in extremity accepted the assistance, and yet were ashamed to acknowledge among their neighbors that they had done so, each in doubt what the other would say to the matter. To take any good thing from the hand of one who was son and grandson to the men they so fiercely hated the very memory of, would be a bitter pill indeed, so that the very offering of it seemed a kind of insult. Yet, on the other hand, there might be another light in which to regard Colin that would put a different complexion on matters. He was Janet's son, and so in a measure one of themselves; and Janet, before she married Allan, had been the flower of Boronach—so pretty she was, and kind and modest and good; and from all Mr. Corbett had said, and from all that good man William said, he had taken more after her than after Allan. And again, if he had the means, it was bare justice that he should restore to the people some small part of what his forbears had deprived them of, so that people might take it as a right more than a gift, and hold up their heads over it. There were many thoughts over the whole thing, and meanwhile the need was pressing. It looked out daily from the anxious eyes of women and the pitiful wan faces of little children. It was an old man in Achbrae who put the final judgment into words. He was one of those who sixty years earlier had followed Major Donald to the wars, and who had come back, as others had come back, to find himself and his family betrayed by Mr. Alexander. He would have died for the Major, but when he spoke of the other, and told how he found his old father and mother, the veins would swell in his forehead. Several men had gathered into this man's house, and one, anxious to come in a roundabout way at the mind of his neighbors, mentioned Colin's name in connection with the merchant. The old man looked straight before him.

"It is now about a year," he said in his quavering voice, "since I got a great start through that lad." The others looked at him. "Yes; I made sure for about half a minute that I had a warning." He shook his head thoughtfully, and the men waited. "I was coming up the brae above Carndhu in the gloaming—coming slow and putting my weight on my staff, and letting my mind go back to the time I went up that same hill very smart when we marched to the war with the Major,

and a piper had played before us. I was at the bend of the road, when I saw a man sitting on the stone that used to be called the General Stone, and when I was passing it he stood up beside me, and, as sure as I am sitting here, I thought for a full half-minute it was the wraith of the Major, and that it was his very eyes that was looking at me." He looked round on his neighbors. "It was his grandnephew Colin Stewart," he said, "and from that night I said to myself, and I think, too, I said it to others, 'There is nothing in that lad of Mr. Alexander.'"

There was a little silence. Then one man nodded as if to himself.

"He has shown that," said another.

Angus the Fool's brother, sitting on the edge of the meal-chest, coughed. "What is this I am hearing about Mr. Corbett's money?" he remarked.

"The merchant is saying Colin Stewart is desirous to give the loan of it to the present need."

The old man took out his snuff-box and tapped it and opened it, and then observing that it was empty, shut it up hastily. "In my judgment," he said firmly, "the offer is the offer of a gentleman."

As weeks passed Colin became gradually aware of a complete change in the feeling of Boronach towards himself. It was not that gratitude was expressed to him in so many words. There was very little of that, and he was glad of it: he had not expected it. Yet neither had he expected the sudden warmth and goodwill that seemed to have grown up about him all at once, and that were entirely contrary to the experience of his life in Boronach hitherto. Women stopped to speak to him on the road, and remarking on the feebleness of the grandmother, offered to come and milk the cow, or wash, or do this, that, and the other thing for him; no one passed him without a word or a particular salutation; children smiled at him. He had cut too small a supply of peats in the previous spring, and in winter had been taking home loads of sticks from the woods to help the fire, and one day coming home he saw a crowd of school-children thronging about the house. They scattered like rabbits when he came near, but coming down he found a great quantity of wood piled against the end of the barn. It was evident that each child had carried a load and placed it there. Later on the men of the place did something of the same kind. It had been one mark of the aloofness of Colin from the people, that he had never had any assistance in the cutting of his peats. Every other house had a day in the year set apart for the work, and on that day the neighbors came in numbers with their tusks and went to the hill and cut the year's fuel. No one had ever come to help Colin in this way, and it had never been expected or desired that he should join the peat-cutters in other houses. This year, however, when the lad went to begin his own, he found that the men of Boronach had been before him. The peats —a great quantity of them—were cut already, and lay along the banks drying in the sun.

Colin was pleased by all this—more pleased than he owned even to himself. He had never been really indifferent to the goodwill of his fellows, not even in the days when he had been a fierce little Ishmaelite glaring down upon the "scholars" from the hill in the wood; and now his own feelings towards the Boronach people began to change imperceptibly. He began to understand how it was that Barabel loved them.

The first time Dr. Bowden saw the lad after the story of his visit to the merchant had got about, he quizzed him over the transaction in mingled vexation and admiration.

"If you'll allow me to say so," he said at last, "you're a fool; but you're a fine

fool, and I admire you for what you did." He puffed away at his pipe. "I used to share Mr. Corbett's expectations for you, but I have now relinquished them. You come of a race of dreamers. You are such stuff"—he looked at the lad through half-closed eyes—"as usually ends its days in the poorhouse. A race overdosed with Idealism—squanderers of opportunity," he mused, with that critical acumen that was so admirably developed in him.

A day or two afterwards he told Colin that he intended to give a contribution towards the distress himself. "None of your princely contributions," he said lightly, "but a few pounds that come to me at this time of the year." Colin saw at once what was intended. It was the half-yearly money that was always spent the one way. Dr. Bowden insisted on the lad's coming with him to the post-office when it arrived, and put it into his hands, and they came straight with it to the merchant's and gave orders for its expenditure. "Stay," cried Dr. Bowden then; "I had forgotten—there were some things I had forgotten," he faltered, looking at Colin shamefacedly and pulling at his grizzled fair moustache. "Give me back a pound of it." Colin looked at him. "I must have that," he muttered. Colin handed it back, and they left the shop.

Dr. Bowden did not accompany him far. He excused himself and went back, leaving the young fellow distressed to think of the pitiful weakness of this man on the one point—a man who was so far above it in so many ways. A few hours later he came to the house at Carndhu highly excited, but soberer than was his wont on such occasions. His eyes were wild, and he had no trace of that air of easy *bonhomie* and light raillery which he usually wore. Colin came out to the door, and he gripped him by the arm.

"I have come to the crisis at last," he said, looking strangely. "If I drink more of this I am a lost soul." He took a bottle from his coat-pocket and held it up. "Take it from me, Colin," said he. Colin stretched out his hand and would have taken it, but Dr. Bowden drew back. "Man! do you think you would get it so easily?" he said. "No; but you must take it by force. It's the battle of Armageddon; it's the powers of light and darkness, and who wins—wins." It was evident that the man was not in his right senses, and Colin thought it best to humor him. He seemed to have some purpose in his mind and to be in a dead earnest. It was a raw, cold night, and the ground was wet after rain. The sky was cloudy, and there was just enough light for the two men to see each other dimly. Between the door and the loch, looming drearily through shadows, there was a little slope of green grass, and on this slope Colin set upon Dr. Bowden, thinking he had an easy task before him. To his surprise the old man fought with a kind of desperation, and the lad had enough to do to defend himself. He found himself wrestling in grim earnest to get the mastery, and the other seemed to have become strong with the strength of madness. At last Colin slipped on the wet grass and pulled Dr. Bowden down with him, and getting uppermost by an effort, he pulled the bottle from Dr. Bowden's pocket, and, swinging it over his head, flung it into the loch, where he heard it splash in the water beyond the rushes.

Dr. Bowden got up slowly, his strength gone, apparently sobered. "May I sit by your fire to-night?" said he wearily. Colin took him in and gave him supper, and sat with him all night by the fire. It was a strange vigil. His companion kept continually muttering words that were unfamiliar to him, but which he recognized years afterwards in the prayer-book of the Church

of England. As soon as it was light he wanted to return to Crocan Farm, and the lad made some tea for him and let him go. At the door Dr. Bowden held out his hand, contrary to his usual custom, and Colin shook hands with him. "When I was a boy in school," he said, smiling faintly, "we always shook hands after a fight. I am an old man now, and that is a long time ago." He went away heavily and slowly. Colin had seen him in many moods, but never in this one.

And now another turn in the wheel of events put Colin in still another position with regard to the people of Boronach. Thanks to him, no one in the place was in any immediate want; but there was still to be faced the question of the seed-potatoes. Planting-time was coming on, and many of the people had nothing to put in the ground, and no way of getting anything. A number of them came to Colin and begged him earnestly to draw up a petition to Sir David asking for seed-potatoes, and to present it on their behalf to Mr. Campbell at Port Erran. That they should come to him in this way was the strongest proof of the change in the feeling of the place towards Allan's son. Colin experienced some gratification, and yet hesitated, feeling that neither in years nor in position was he a very suitable person to be spokesman for Boronach. Finally he drew up the petition, and went with it to Sandy Morrison, hoping that he would agree to present it. That cautious gentleman, however, declined to meddle with the matter in any way.

"No, no!" said he; "I wish it well, but I am the last man in the place that should be asked to take to do with it. I have very near ruined my credit over this distress, and if I was to come under Mr. Campbell's displeasure any further I might shut the shop to-morrow. Mr. Campbell is a very good friend, and he has done me many a kind turn, and he is not in any way like one we had to do with—who was the very——" The merchant came to an awkward pause and coughed, remembering that the man he was referring to was Colin Stewart's father. "At the same time," he continued hastily, "he is a gentleman with a very long memory, and seeing we are all dependent on his pleasure, I would prefer not to get the name of going against him."

Seeing that Colin was silent, and conscious, perhaps, that his attitude might be regarded as somewhat pusillanimous, he grew warm. "I do not see my obligation to do it," said he, "a family man like myself; and I think there is no man has done more for Boronach than I have done."

Colin expressed his entire understanding of Mr. Morrison's position, and as there was nothing else to be done, set off himself to Port Erran with the petition in his pocket.

The factor was in a very ill-humor. The time was a trying one to others as well as to the people of Boronach. Men of all ranks along the coast had suffered financially, and between his own embarrassments and those of others he might almost be excused for the frame of mind he was in. He was factor for Lord Ardgowan as well as for Sir David, and from all sides tales of distress poured in to him. One township was reported to be on the verge of famine; another had suffered so from a great storm that half its thatched roofs had been blown into the sea. The people had no money. Help! help! help! was the cry everywhere. Lord Ardgowan was an easy-going spendthrift: his tenants were rack-rented, yet he was himself always impecunious. Sir David was a kind man, anxious that there should be no harsh dealing on his estate; but he too had lost heavily of late in various directions. Neither of the proprietors would have relished an

appeal to a charitable public on behalf of his own crofters: he would sooner have made considerable sacrifices. On Lord Ardgowan's lands political agitators were beginning to go about stirring up strife, and the people to whom they appealed were many of them in an evil case. With it all, it may be seen that Mr. Campbell had his hands full.

Colin found him looking very black, if a venerable gray-haired gentleman may be so described. "Well?" he said with harsh interrogation, when the lad was shown into the small room where he sat writing, papers and letters strewn about him.

Colin advanced to the table. "I have brought a petition," he said, "for a grant of seed-potatoes to Boronach, Achbrea, and Carran."

The factor drew his brows together in a frown. "Give me the petition."

Colin took it out of his pocket and handed it across the table. Mr. Campbell glanced over the names and threw it down.

"There is no distress in Achbrea," he said, looking angrily at the lad, who remained standing. "I have investigated into the state of matters there, and there is no distress whatever."

Colin returned his look steadily. "You have been misinformed, sir; there has been the greatest possible distress in Achbrea, and the people whose names are given there have no seed-potatoes, and no possible way of getting them for themselves. They have come in the last extremity to you and to Sir David."

Mr. Campbell's eyes narrowed: he was a passionate man, and could not brook contradiction. "There is no distress in Achbrea," he said in an ominous voice. "I shall make investigation as to the other cases. You may go."

The blood came to Colin's cheeks, and he held his ground. "Mr. Campbell," he said, "I can give you proof that there is distress in Achbrea."

A light shot into the older man's eyes, and he struck the table with his fist. "Would you set your word in opposition to mine?" he said, and pointed to the door.

For a moment the lad was abashed. He was unused to the world, and had grown up with a certain awe of Mr. Campbell. It came into his mind, too, that he and the grandmother had the house and land at Carndhu by a mere favor. Then he saw that he must go through with what he had begun, and straightened himself.

"I can set my word anywhere," he said, a little ring in his voice. "You will pardon me, Mr. Campbell," he went on, using a manner of speech he had picked up unconsciously from Dr. Bowden,—"you will pardon me, but I speak from personal knowledge of the facts, and you have them on hearsay. They are not correct, sir."

He gave a clear list of them, so that any reasonable person might be convinced that things were in a bad way in the township referred to; and the factor did not interrupt him till he was through, but sat glowering at him, keeping his anger in check.

"Who are you?" he asked, when he was done. "What is your name?"

Colin told him, and to his surprise Mr. Campbell did not say anything for a minute, but began moving his papers as if he were looking for something. Then he looked at him again, this time very keenly.

"I am obliged by your statement," he said very stiffly. "I shall see that it is enquired into."

Colin hesitated. "Sir," he said, "will you allow me one other word? If the potatoes do not arrive within three weeks they will be too late for this year's planting, and if I have no assurance of your help, I must appeal to charity through the public prints."

Again the light flashed in the factor's eyes. "You!" he said. Colin, as has been mentioned, was very boyish-looking for his years.

"Yes."

Again the factor looked at him—this time with a certain perplexity—and his manner changed perceptibly.

"Mr. Stewart," he said slowly, using the prefix by a kind of instinct,—for after all this roughly clad boy was the last of the Boronach Stewarts, and he conveyed besides an impression of distinct power of a sort,—"Mr. Stewart, I presume it is not your intention to use a threat. I shall, of course, make a thorough inquiry into your statements, and if matters are as you represent them to be, it would be Sir David's wish—it would be my own wish—that everything possible should be done in the interests of the people. You may be assured of that. In fact," he added, as Colin hesitated, "it was my intention to visit Boronach to-morrow myself." Colin bowed. He saw the situation was saved. "That is all I had to say," he remarked, and took his leave.

Mr. Campbell looked after him much as Sandy Morrison had done on a previous occasion. "It is an extraordinary thing," he muttered to himself, "how blood tells."

Lydia Miller Mackay.

(To be continued.)

A LIGHT STUDY IN "BRADSHAW."

At Haileybury many years ago I set a paper to the Sixth Form for competition in "Bradshaw," a book which has more devoted students than some of the most exalted classics. It was on the lines of the usual school geographical papers, and this was the kind of question set:

"Draw a map of the shortest railway route, marking the principal junction stations:

(*a*) From Alexandria to Joppa.
(*b*) From Spa to Waterloo.
(*c*) From Friockheim to Skelbo."

Here you are whisked at once apparently from an Oriental tour to Belgium, and from Belgium to Denmark or Norway; and the tour can easily be made to extend to France and Italy and the United States. But it is all within the limits of our own "Bradshaw." Alexandria is near Loch Lomond; Joppa is a suburb of Edinburgh; Spa is on the coast of Kerry; Waterloo—the London terminus does not count—is a village near Liverpool; Friockheim—a fine Scandinavian name—is in Forfarshire, and Skelbo up in Sutherland.

It is very curious to the minority who prefer to use their eyes on a railway journey, thinking that it does not consist only of its terminus, to find how constantly "Bradshaw" is spoken of in novels—especially, of course, ladies' novels—as "unintelligible," or "that dreary waste of incomprehensible figures," and so on. Assuming, indeed, that everybody either starts from or returns to London, and that the intermediate journey is a blank, except so far as a restaurant-car or sleeping-car fills it up, then the "A B C Guide" is, no doubt, all that we need. The traveller who does not care to know when he or she is in sight of the magnificent railway view of Canterbury or Ely or Durham is worth no more attention. But there are thousands of travellers who really do care to know a little of their own country, and are sometimes delighted to discover what curious things are enshrined between the puritanical-looking covers of "Bradshaw."

And this adjective reminds me that I wish I had put in my examination paper: "Mention any traces of religious or ecclesiastical peculiarities to be found in 'Bradshaw.'" I am sure it would have been declared impossible, unless, indeed, we could show that he had a spite against Sunday trains and wilfully misled the ungodly. But how many people have noticed—I have hardly ever found one who had noticed—that the month is given in an odd way? On any of the magazines you will have, say, "July 1907." But on "Bradshaw" you will see "7th Mo. (July) 1907." The reason is that Mr. George Bradshaw, the founder of the immortal work, was a Quaker, and Quakers objected to speaking of months by the names that were perhaps taken from a heathen god or a deified emperor. Hence the months were sternly given by their numbers, and only by them at first. The usual name in brackets is a later concession to weaker brethren. Mr. Bradshaw, by the way, had a tragic end while travelling. Visiting Norway in 1853—he can hardly have gone there to study railways—he was seized with Asiatic cholera, and died in a few hours. His tomb can be seen in the cemetery at Christiania.

Now let us turn to the index. We notice, perhaps, what a number of curious or foreign-looking names there are. The origin of many of these it would take very deep and wide local knowledge to trace, but some are easy enough. Etruria, for example, is the name that Wedgwood gave to his workshops because of his famous copies of Etruscan models. Bethesda, where Lord Penrhyn's quarries are, and Hebron, a quarry on the side of Snowdon, are no doubt merely due to the Biblical tendencies of Welsh Methodists. Possibly there was a similar origin to Joppa near Edinburgh, unless it was a mere caprice, like its neighbor Portobello. This took its name from the first house built there, which was called by its sailor-owner after the South American town, at the sack of which, under Admiral Vernon, he had been present in 1739. Alexandria, near the foot of Loch Lomond, was named after Alexander Smollett, of the family that owned much of this part. Some of the names, however, that look odd in the index are really of no interest. Herculaneum and Canada, for example, are merely names of different docks at Liverpool. But they are useful for catches in an unscrupulous examination paper. Such stations too as Legacy or Triangle are only like the stages marked on a London omnibus ticket. Desert, on the Cork and Bandon Railway, does not sound a good name for a station, though it is better than Hell (the actual name of a station in Norway), and probably means something quite different. Valencia Island not only got its name from the Spanish city, but it was actually given by the Spaniards. Aspatria, on the other hand, which looks a charming Italian name to find in Cumberland, is only a corruption of the good North-country name of Gospatrick. But the oddest reason that I know for the name of a station is Twenty, in Lincolnshire, in the parish of Bourne. When the station was made there was not only no village or hamlet, but not even a house in sight. The railway authorities—not having Mr. Bumble's fertility in names—were puzzled, and at last in despair named the station from the number which happened to be on the Ordnance map.

Conspicuous natural objects have often, of course, given names to villages and towns everywhere, and sometimes have been more convenient to use for a station than the name of their parishes. Hence the number of trees that can be found—Mountain Ash, in

Glamorgan; Knotty Ash, near Liverpool; Four Ashes, near Wolverhampton; Four Oaks, near Birmingham, and so on. Stoat's Nest, near Croydon, was so named—in despair, apparently, of finding any unused village name—from the nearest farm. Daisy Bank, just outside Bilston, and Daisy Field, close to Blackburn, sound refreshing, but it is to be feared that if there are any daisies in either they must be sadly begrimed. And what gave Rosebush, in Pembrokeshire, its charming name? Was it an inn, or is it the Gaelic *ros*, a promontory, as it is in Melrose? This would be an obvious corruption for the English colony of Pembrokeshire to make, and I notice on the Ordnance map that "The Rhos" and "Rosehill" are close together.

Inns and public-houses play a strikingly large part in station nomenclature, because—as we find also for hunt-meets—they fix a place much more definitely than a parish name. This seems to be specially the case in Lancashire, where we not only have some well-known signs, such as Bay Horse, near Lancaster, and Boar's Head and White Bear, near Wigan, but the very curious one of Clock Face, near St. Helen's, which was, I am informed, due to a public-house with this sign that stood opposite to the station. Other obvious inn-signs also occur in other counties, such as Black Bull, in Staffordshire; Horse and Jockey, in Tipperary; and Three Cocks, a junction called after a well known anglers' inn in Brecknockshire; but elsewhere they are mostly "Arms," presumably of the squire, as Craven Arms, in Shropshire; Berney Arms, in Norfolk; or Bronwydd Arms, near Carmarthen.

From tavern-signs to saints is rather a jump, but we may be passing—especially in Cornwall—by many stations named after saints of whom not one person in a thousand has ever so much as heard. It would be difficult, indeed, for even a professed student of hagiology to say much off-hand about St. Athan, in Glamorganshire, or St. Combs, on the Aberdeenshire coast, but probably they are corruptions of names. St. Combs, perhaps, is short for St. Coemgen, who founded the famous Irish monastery at Glendalough in 549. Anyhow, in Cornwall the names of the saints get considerably altered. St. Cleer—or, as "Bradshaw" spells it, St. Clear—should be St. Clare of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscan community of Poor Clares. St. Erth (St. Ertha of Erca) is sister of the St. Blane from whom Dunblane is named—rather a far cry from Cornwall. St. Budeaux looks as if it really had kept its original form, but he was a Breton saint named Budoc, and the true form is preserved instead in the neighboring manor-house of Budockshed. "Bradshaw" has dropped ont the name of St. Neot, which used to be given, if I remember rightly, as a second name to Doublebois, so we will only notice carefully that in Cornwall the town is St. Neot, but in Huntingdonshire St. Neots. A whole chapter of hagiology, sometimes very intricate, might be based upon our encyclopædic author.

Sometimes, though not so often as might be wished, "Bradshaw" has preserved an unusual or obsolescent word. Thorpe Culvert, on the Skegness branch, is a case in point. A culvert is an arched drain under the road, but we rarely meet with the word except in books on building. Cargo Fleet, near Middlesbrough, may wrongly suggest to the traveller a number of vessels unloading here. But though the root is really the same, the Anglo-Saxon *flevtan*, "to float," it does not mean the floating vessels, but the place where they were able to float. Hence a "fleet," a common termination of names near the coast, and surviving still in Fleet Street, means an inlet of

the sea, such as near Portsmouth is called a "leak," or a "lake."

Here is another and quite different point that might possibly strike an observant wanderer. Many stations, we notice, have the word "road" added to their name. Why is this? The natural idea would seem to be that if a station be reasonably close to its village or town it simply takes the name of the place, but that if it be merely the nearest station for getting to a town a few miles off, the word "road" is added to mark this distinction. And apparently this was the general difference at first. In the early days of the South-Western Railway the station now called Micheldever, some three miles from its village, was called Andover Road, because it was then the nearest approach of the railway to Andover. But one thinks of the face of an unhappy traveller who alighted there, intending to carry his bag into the town, when he found it was eleven or twelve miles off! There is a very tiny town—or, rather, a good-sized village—in Lincolnshire bearing the distinguished name of Burgh, and though it stands on a hill two miles from its station, this does not add the warning suffix of "road." One evening I travelled down in the next compartment to a rather fierce-looking military gentleman, probably an Indian colonel whose liver had not improved in that country. At every station, after Boston at least, he demanded angrily of the officials, "Guard, is this Burgh?" and sometimes he had to be hastily replaced. At last we did reach Burgh, or rather Burgh Station, and he stepped fiercely out. I heard the peremptory order to an amazed porter, "Porter, call me a cab!" and I listened anxiously for the rest of the dialogue, but unhappily the train went on too soon.

Sometimes, however, unlike Burgh, the church of the village is seen close by the "road" station, and one wonders why the simple name is not given. Morton Road and Donington Road, both in Lincolnshire, will serve for examples. The explanation will generally be found in the fact that it is meant to distinguish the station from an already existing one of the same or a similar name. Thus, before Donington Road Station (on the Great Northern and Great Eastern Joint) was built, there was a Donington-on-Bain on the Louth and Lincoln line. There are also two other Mortons in the county, and one of them, now a large suburb of Gainsborough, though it is true that it has no station in its own right, doubtless succeeded in securing many parcels, and perhaps passengers also.

Even a much slighter resemblance is quite enough to bewilder the average passenger in unknown parts. A good many years ago the well-known junction station of Bishopstoke had its name changed to Eastleigh, because—so I was assured by an official—passengers could not be got to distinguish between Bishopstoke and Basingstoke for changing carriages. After all, half the name is identical, and they are only four stations apart! In this case the change must have come about anyhow, because Eastleigh, the newly created site of the South-Western Railway Works, has risen to be the sixth largest town in Hampshire, while Bishopstoke, a mile away, is still an almost untouched village.

The confusion in the case of some of the names must be very serious. There are five plain Suttons in "Bradshaw," besides no fewer than twelve others of which Sutton forms a part, like Sutton Bridge or Sutton Junction. An enterprising Roman Catholic bookseller in New York annually sends his catalogue addressed to "The Minister of St. Peter and St. Paul, Newport, England." Not unnaturally, the big Newport in Monmouthshire is tried first; then, as far as I can make out by the postmarks, it goes to Newport in Pembroke-

shire, as being the handiest; then to Newport in Shropshire; then flits lightly across England to Newport in Essex, but possibly it takes Newport in Devonshire on the way. Finally, it comes to Newport in the Isle of Wight, but still nobody will have it. One of my churches, however, is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, so on some sagacious suggestion it is sent to me. Then I think it is time to give the poor catalogue and the Postmaster-General a rest, and so the former reaches its haven in my waste-paper basket.

But a change of names is very irritating to those who know their "Bradshaw" well, and one wishes that the railway companies would not change them for such slight causes as occasionally serve. The fiat of a wealthy magnate has sometimes been sufficient. Some years ago there was a regular revolutionary outburst on the main line of the North-Eastern Railway from York to Berwick. Shipton became Beningbrough (this was no doubt justified by the confusion with Skipton); Dalton Junction became Eryholme; Bilton Junction found itself Ainmouth; and Windmill Hill (surely a distinctive name enough) was changed into Goswick. Here one may commend a precedent from the Midland Railway. Wymondham, in Rutland, on the Leicester and Peterborough branch, naturally suffered from some confusion with the better-known Wymondham in Norfolk, and accordingly the name was changed to that of another neighboring village, Whissendine. But for a number of years—it has been dropped now—the station was always given in "Bradshaw" and in the Midland tables as "Whissendine, late Wymondham."

A friend of mine many years ago was staying with two old maiden ladies in a country house in Yorkshire, some way from a railway station. On his departure he asked for a "Bradshaw," and after much search a "Bradshaw" was found. It was about twenty years old, and was a slim, youthful volume, totally useless, of course, for its intended purpose. I wish it had been offered to me. I would gladly have given a vellum-bound copy of the current month in exchange.

"Bradshaw" is now, as becomes a somewhat elderly gentleman, increasingly stout year by year, and increasingly difficult to squeeze into the leather cases that well fitted him only a few years ago. Considering the enormous mass of figures that has to be dealt with, and the very fine print that is necessary to prevent his running into a folio volume, the mistakes and misprints are astonishingly few, though there is a certain pleasure in pouncing on one or two, to prove that he is not superhuman. But I have a slight grudge about his arrangement of most of the main lines, an uncorrected survival from early days.

One would naturally expect so bold and comprehensive a work ("massive and concrete" we may call it, like Mr. Wopsle's rendering of "Hamlet") to begin with at least a dignified overture. One must begin with some railway, and the Great Western, with its glorious stretch from London to Penzance, is as good as could be chosen. But page 1, which might well be assigned to the new lines or stations opened (a piece of information at present hidden in that back corner of the map which always is the first to be torn), instead of launching us on this great highway, gives us the trumpery little branch to High Wycombe and Thame!

Then, again, an intelligent person going from London to Edinburgh by any one of the three lines may want to be able to find—it is surely a reasonable wish—the stations that he is passing. By the East Coast route he can do this fairly easily. There are only five sections needed, though three ought to have been enough—the Suburban as far

as Hitchin, the Great Northern main line to York, the North-Eastern to Berwick, the six stations between Durham and Gateshead, which are wantonly made a separate section, and the North British to Edinburgh. But now suppose that he is going by the West Coast route. As far as Warrington it is plain sailing, and even the suburban stations are given, except the four between Euston and Willesden, while the long stretches from Wigan to Carlisle, and from Carlisle onwards, are unusually clear, though the last lap, from Carstairs to Edinburgh, is rather irritatingly put on a separate page. But behold, there is a gulf yawning! The stations on the eleven and a half miles between Warrington and Wigan are tucked away in another page, and even then no cross-reference to them is given. The reason for this odd hiatus probably is that the main line was at first considered to run to Manchester and Liverpool, and that the ways parted at Warrington; while the Northern section, the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, ran from Wigan, which again united the Manchester and the Liverpool portions. The Warrington-Wigan section was then added to complete the chain; but its omission in its proper place in "Bradshaw" is a curious instance of survival, not of the fittest.

A good deal more perplexing, however, is the problem offered to a traveller on the Midland who may have the same laudable desire to know whereabouts he is. In the first place the Scotch express may go either by the Leicester route or by the Nottingham route, and it is no easy matter to ascertain which from "Bradshaw." Suppose that it is *via* Leicester. As far as Trent, then, the way is clear, allowing for the omission of minor stations up to Luton. From Trent to Clay Cross we must find a different page, and this part is treated as a mere local line unknown to expresses; then at Clay Cross we are sternly reconducted to the original page, which it was in no way our fault that we left, and so taken on again as far as Leeds. This very likely the Scotch express will not enter at all, but will take us over the loop. Another page will carry us on as far as Hellifield, and another to Carlisle, and the final one to Edinburgh by the Waverley route.

But if it happens to be a Nottingham-route train, the puzzle is made even more wantonly unnecessary. We possibly first find the fact out by diverging from the other line at Kettering. "Bradshaw" gives a page-reference at Kettering to the little branch to Cambridge, but, by some strange aberration, none here to this great alternative main line, which we have to go no fewer than fifty pages further on to find. Even then a part of it, from Manton to Melton Mowbray, uses up the old Peterborough and Leicester Branch, and appears in two different connections. When we get to Nottingham there is no further station given except Derby, where we are not going; and it needs local knowledge or very attentive eyes to find out that after two more stations we rejoin our former line at an insignificant little Nottinghamshire station called Trowell, in the snubbed portion between Trent and Clay Cross, which "Bradshaw" does not even condescend to describe as a junction at all. All this no doubt arises from the fact that the Midland was not built up on a thought-out plan, but grew up gradually by the increasing linking together of scattered sections. Accordingly, the tables have never been recast from the point of view now needed—that it has a through main line like the rest. The fact of the main line from Ferryhill to Newcastle through Durham being later than the old line through Leamside similarly accounts for the strange omission of stations between Durham and Gateshead.

Even in the time-tables themselves we may here and there unearth a curiosity. It is no great matter for surprise that between Helmsdale and Georgemas, in the extreme north of Scotland, though they are on the main line of the Highland Railway, there should be only two trains a day, nor even that one of these ignores most of the stations. But it does give one a start to find that on the Midland Railway there is a link between two exceptionally busy highways, and, of all places in the world, close to Birmingham itself, which has only one train a day! This is the branch from Whitacre Junction, on the Midland line to Derby, to Hampton-in-Arden, on the North-Western main line to Birmingham. There is only one intermediate station, at Coleshill, a small town noted for its fine church and monuments. Thus the good people of Coleshill can boast a station of their own, but in order to use it they must travel in one direction not later than 8.32 A.M., in the other, than 9.40. I suppose the line is needed for goods traffic, and that the Act of Parliament enforces one passenger train a day. One reflects that the station-master of Coleshill ought at any rate to have a very good chance of winning one of the prizes which, by an excellent institution, the Midland Railway offers yearly for the best-kept station garden. Of this, of course, "Bradshaw" reveals nothing. But in other countries it might be worse, since Coleshill has another station almost as near, at Forge Mills. I was at Granada in 1880, and Granada is a city about as big as York. There was then a choice between two trains a day for leaving. The first was an express (fifteen miles an hour), at 5 A.M., the second an ordinary (twelve miles an hour), at 9 A.M. Furthermore, as the station is somewhat remote, and as no Spaniard will ever be hurried, the time for leaving by omnibus was at either 4 or 8 A.M. I wondered how some of my acquaintances ever got away from Granada at all. Perhaps they had to revert to post-horses. But you can now leave as late as 11.15 A.M.

I once thought of making a terrible catalogue of the blunders of novelists about "Bradshaw," but it threatened to become too bulky to be manageable. In Miss Braddon's "John Marchmont's Legacy" a train from "Kemberling," which was in the Lincolnshire marshes in sight of the sea, and therefore on the Great Northern, somehow reaches London at Euston Square Station. In "Henry Dunbar," Mr. Dunbar is obliged to drive from Southampton to Winchester because, he said (at luncheon-time), "there is no express to Winchester before ten o'clock at night." Now there is no express from Southampton Docks to Winchester—and Southampton West was then only a village station called Blechynden—at ten or any other time, but the extreme limit between the fastest and the slowest train in the day is eight minutes! Sherlock Holmes, however ("The Adventure of the Five Orange Pips"), might surely be expected to know better than to suppose that a man who fell into the Thames between nine and ten at night could have been hurrying to Waterloo to catch a train for Horsham. You can, indeed, get to Horsham from Waterloo round by Guildford, if you choose to waste an hour in so doing; but even Watson or Lestrade was capable of discovering that the last train by this way leaves Waterloo soon after six. It would be interesting to have a supplementary chapter to know how Sherlock Holmes gets over this. Such are the perils that in "Bradshaw" beset the unwary.

But apart from such blemishes as the few I have noted, which must some day be taken in hand, and then will disappear, "Bradshaw" is not really a

difficult book. Ladies, indeed, appear constitutionally unable to read it, and I never heard of one who liked or even so much as pretended to like it, while I know several men who think it the most interesting of the monthly magazines, and take it up first from the club table. Two of my pupils were devoted to the study of it, and as both are now distinguished head-masters, this cannot have injured their other work. One of them had copies of "Bradshaw" at intervals from the very beginning—almost unique books, I should imagine, in a sixth-form study. It was a curious proof of the wide-spread fascination latent in the rather grim-looking little volume.

G. E. Jeans.

The Cornhill Magazine.

PEACE OR WAR?

The agitation proceeding in recent years towards the mitigation or abolition of war, its manifestation in the remarkable movement known as Anti-militarism on the continent, and its official embodiment in the Hague Conference, together with all the impassioned discussion, the hopes and fears, enthusiasm, indignation, or contempt which it has evoked, constitute a challenge, to any man who cares to have clear ideas, to determine his attitude on the whole question.

Do we believe in peace? Do we want peace? These questions, curiously enough, after eighteen centuries of Christianity, are very relevant and pertinent. For though it is regarded as decent in most public utterances to make a perfunctory bow to the altar of peace, that is usually a prelude to the assertion that war is necessary if not desirable. The "Anti-militarists," who are doing, or wishing to do, precisely what was done by the Early Christians, are met by the passionate indignation of all official Christendom. The Hague Conference, that useful and certainly not over-zealous institution, is regarded by all the strong-minded as a futile concession to silly idealists. Even treaties of arbitration, like that so unfortunately concluded the other day between England and Russia, are viewed, in some quarters, as merely armed truces, to tide over the interval while nations are making ready for the next war. Great masses of people, and especially eminent people, do not believe in peace and do not want it. I propose in this article to examine some of the grounds of that position. The position, it is true, is not merely intellectual, and, as it is not based upon argument, so cannot be expected immediately to yield to it. Still, even our prejudices are bound up with our ideas, and do slowly dissipate as these are modified. So that it is always worth while to try to ascertain what reason has to say, even on themes so passionate as this. I shall consider, therefore, in as dry a light as possible, first the view that war is inevitable; and then the feeling that it is desirable.

The view that war is inevitable is, to begin with, a natural enough induction from experience. We observe that there has always been war; we find, in ourselves and in others, causes for war; and as life goes on and the extravagant hopes of youth disappear, we come cynically and lazily to assume that what always has been always must be. We learn to talk about human nature as if we really knew it, and to suppose that, in essentials, it never has changed, and never will change. This, however, is really the expression of our weakness, not of our wisdom. The man of the world has forgotten something the young man knows, the stress in human nature to

alter and reshape itself. No one who feels that stress can or will ever admit that the past gives the measure of the future. Experience, he will assert, is something to be transcended, not to be repeated. And his position cannot be refuted. Only if there were a true science or philosophy of human history could it be demonstrated either that war is, or that it is not, inevitable. But I venture to say, without hesitation, that there is at present no such science or philosophy; and that historians or journalists or sociologists who support their opinions by reference to what they call the "laws" of history are really supporting them on charlatanism. History, like all experience, is useful to those who have the tact to use it; but it never repeats itself. It yields to our inquiry no fixed, definite and final laws. What are called such, are really, at best, suggestive combinations of tentative and empirical psychology with premature inductions from imperfectly known facts. The instinctive generalizations of common-sense are not made any more certain or precise by being clothed in pseudo-scientific language. And those who affirm the ideal of peace need not be baffled or alarmed by the oracular deliverances of a certain school of historians pronouncing *ex cathedrâ* that that ideal is impossible. Any one who knows anything of history knows that nations in the past have constantly endeavored to expand their territory and their power by war. But that fact gives no rule for the future; and nothing except a misleading phrase is added to it by calling it a "law" of history or of civilization. And when we are further informed that, in consequence of this "law," a conflict is fatally ordained, in the near future, between England and Germany, we have reason to suspect that somebody who wants to bring that war about is endeavoring to give weight and prestige to his personal views by what is really a piece of elaborate humbug. There may, indeed, be war between Germany and England; but, if so, it will be because the governments and peoples of those countries have so willed it, not because it had of necessity to be. If we are to philosophize history, the theory of Kant, and of Comte, and of Spencer, that it moves towards universal peace, is at least as plausible as the other. But the advocate of peace would do well not to base his faith upon any of these tottering structures. He may find encouragement enough in a soberer handling of the facts.

For, if we do not know the "laws" of history, we can at least observe that its process has involved, so far as our knowledge extends, a gradual enlargement of the areas within which peace is maintained, and a gradual substitution of judicial for military methods. The development which has led to the disappearance of the blood-feud and the duel, and to the substitution of a few great empires for a larger number of warring communities may, quite conceivably, end in the creation, first in the west, and ultimately throughout the world, of a federal unity. Already, in the west, most of the really important activities of men—commerce, finance, science, literature, art—are international; so, increasingly, is the greatest of contemporary movements, socialism. From the point of view of civilization as a whole, national boundaries and national antipathies may well begin to seem like mere survivals from a barbaric past; and if any one wants soberly to interpret history, he can at least as plausibly interpret it in the sense of peace, as in the sense of war. More perhaps cannot be said; but so much ought to be said in answer to the position that war is inevitable. History and experience prove nothing of the kind, and

can prove nothing of the kind. They wait for us to determine whether it shall be war or peace. And the only sane attitude on this question, as on all questions of action, is that of choice and will. Do we mean to have war or peace? That is the way to put the problem.

I pass thus to my second point—Is war desirable? It is on that issue that we ought to come to terms with ourselves; and with that view I lay before the reader the following considerations.

I shall notice, to begin with, one argument in favor of war which is comparatively easy to deal with, because it does not directly involve differences of opinion about values; I mean the argument from biology. Darwinism asserts that conflict has been one of the means by which species have been evolved; the "unfit" have been thereby eliminated, the "fit" have survived. And popular writers and talkers, and even professed sociologists, applying this doctrine to human society, have assumed that war must be an agent tending to cause the better to survive. The confusion involved has often been pointed out. Biology has nothing to do with ethical valuations. When it says that the "fit" survive, it means only that those survive who are fit to survive. But when this doctrine is transferred to human society, where ideals are all important, "fit" is taken to mean good and desirable. This, of course, is quite illegitimate. The question whether those who tend to survive in consequence of any struggle are good or bad, desirable or the reverse, is one upon which biology as such has nothing to say. It is a question that must be asked *de novo* in every case where it is relevant. And if we ask it without prejudice in this case of modern war, the answer is clear; war does not tend towards the survival of the better. It could only do so if it were the case that those who go to fight and get killed are the worser elements in every nation, and those who stay at home the better. And this, I suppose it will be admitted, and especially by the advocates of war, is not true, and is perhaps even the exact contrary of the truth. It might be urged, indeed, that in the case of England, with her mercenary army, the common soldier is a lower type than the civilian; some might even urge that this is also true of the officers. But such statements are, to say the least, highly controversial. While, if we turn to the countries that have universal conscription, the one thing certain is that, in case of war, it will be the young men, and those in the prime of life that will be killed off, while the undeveloped and the effete will be preserved. Nor will any one maintain that, among those who take the risks of war, bullets and shells select for destruction exactly those who are least fit to produce good offspring.

If, again, we turn from the effects of war upon selection among the individuals of a nation to consider its effects upon selection among the competing nations themselves, we find the same lack of any connection between fighting and the development of good types. The nation that conquers in war does not, in these days (whatever may have been the case in a remote past) exterminate the vanquished. The latter may continue and breed as much as, or it may be more than, their conquerors. The population of France is stationary; but will any one maintain that that is because of the German victory? On the other hand, the British conquest of India has caused an increase, not a decline, of the native population. In the face of these facts, so obvious, so conclusive, what becomes of the biological argument? We can only say simply, dogmatically, and finally, that war under modern

conditions does not tend to the survival of the best; that it probably even tends to the contrary. The opposite impression depends, I believe, on nothing more substantial than an uncritical transfer to a human problem of biological conclusions misunderstood. There is really only one way of improving biologically the human type, and that is by scientific breeding. The perpetuation of war, if it has any effect, has probably a bad one; so that that argument in favor of war may be definitely ruled out.

The real argument is much more difficult to deal with, for it turns simply and directly upon a point of valuation, upon an instinctive, or it may be a conscious and deliberate belief, that nobility of character and action is bound up with fighting, and with fighting in its most direct physical form. This instinct, or belief, has survived centuries of professed Christianity, as it may conceivably survive centuries of professed democracy and philanthropy. It lurks in many of us who imagine that we are ardent advocates of peace; and reveals itself in all its force in the utterances of the pulpit and the press as soon as war breaks out. It is this, then, that we must drag to the light and confront with our other ideals, if we are to get clear with ourselves on this great question. It takes many forms, more or less naif, more or less clear. A nice young English officer, educated at a public school, and naturally, for professional reasons, desiring war, will say, with more or less intelligence and conviction, "We must have war. The nation is getting slack." And the remark corresponds to a secret feeling in innumerable otherwise peace-loving citizens. An idealist, like Ruskin, removed to the furthest extreme from the military type, will argue passionately that no life is so noble as that of the soldier, because he risks his life; and a thousand young men, the best, not the worst, will respond to the sentiment. Another, in a moment of candor, will confess that he does not feel sure of his manhood, because he has not had his baptism of fire. He does not invoke war; but something deep in him would leap to it, as a chance, if it came. Finally, this instinct and feeling, half-avowed, and half-understood, has received, of late years, a violent and paradoxical expression, as a deliberate philosophy of the "will to power," a deliberate defiance of the democratic ideal of peace and equality by the aristocratic ideal of conflict and domination. For the "will to power" needs war to assert itself to the full. The strong man of that school needs the weak man to kill and to torture. And you get a position which, in its more intellectual expression, is the philosophy of Nietzsche, and, in its more degraded form, familiar to us on our music-hall stage, has been ironically summed up by Mr. Belloc in the lines he has put into the mouth of Mr. Rudyard Kipling:

> I'm sorry for Mr. Naboth, I'm sorry to make him squeak,
> But the Lord above me made me strong that I might bully the weak.

Now, if we want to attack a position, it should be taken at its best, not at its worst. I shall leave aside, then, all the baser sentiments which are included in a war-fever, and concentrate attention on that nobler passion which is really the strongest argument for war. The best kind of soldier, I shall admit, is one of the best kinds of men. He has courage, discipline, self-control, intelligence; he has, above all, an absolute devotion to a public end outside himself, a devotion which, at any moment, he is ready to testify, and does testify, by sacrificing to it his leisure, his comfort, his health, and, at last, his life. Compared with

the mass of men in an industrial state he is a heroic figure. We look at our untrained, slouching crowds, physically stunted, morally mean, shiftless, incapable, and ignoble; we see them crowding into the public-house and the music-hall, or watching, with the fury of the gambler, the games they never play; and we sigh for the military state and the military virtues, idealizing them, as we always do the absent in face of the present. But we forget that the heroic soldier is as much an exception among soldiers as among civilians. The ordinary soldier and the ordinary officer is just the "average sensual man." His training may give him certain virtues not acquired so easily elsewhere, such as order, discipline, obedience, and the like; but it may also give him certain vices which otherwise he might have escaped, swagger, brutality, and narrowness of outlook. And in particular—and this is the main point when it comes to real war—the soldier is put in positions which, while they may evoke in the few the greatest virtues, may have exactly the opposite effect on the many. The great man, under that stress, becomes a hero; but the ordinary man, more easily and more often, becomes a murderer, a thief, a violator of women, perhaps a traitor and a coward. War is not only the great destroyer of property and life, it is the great destroyer of character. Let me illustrate by one of those pictures of actual war, so easily ignored or forgotten by nations waxing fat and aggressive after years of peace.

Brave officers, once the terror of our enemies and the conquerors of two-thirds of Europe, now covered with rags and icicles, dragged themselves slowly along, unaided and unpitied by the soldiers they had commanded. Their plight was the more wretched because whoever had not the strength to march was abandoned, and whoever was abandoned was a dead man within an hour. Every bivouac presented, next day, the appearance of a field of battle. Whenever a soldier sank from fatigue, his next neighbor rushed on him and stripped him of his clothes, even before he was dead. Every moment we heard them begging the aid of some charitable hand: "My comrades," one would cry, in heart-rending tones, "help me to rise; deign to lend me a hand to pursue my march." All passed him by without even regarding him. "Ah! I conjure you not to abandon me to the enemy: in the name of humanity, grant me the trifling assistance I ask: help me to rise." Instead of being moved by a prayer so touching, they considered him as already dead, and began to strip him; we then heard his cries, "Help! Help! they murder me. Why do you trample me under foot? You even take away my clothes!" If some officer, urged by generous feelings, did not arrive in time to prevent it, many in the like situation would have been assassinated by their own comrades.

Every day's march presented us with a repetition of the mournful scenes of which I have given a faint sketch. Our hearts, completely hardened by these loathsome scenes, lost all sensibility. We were reduced to a state of brutality that left us no feeling but the instinct of self-preservation.[1]

Such a passage as this may serve to help us to realize, what is too often forgotten by the prophets of war, that the same conditions which may raise one man to heroism may lower a thousand others below the level of brutes. The one fact must be set against the other; and, at the very least, they cancel out. There remains, as the net result of war, the folly, suffering and waste, which nobody denies. And it would seem that, so far as reasonable calculation goes, even existing industrial conditions, with all their

[1] From Eugène [Labaume's *Relation circonstanciée de la campagne en Russie*, en 1812, cited in *The Arbiter in Council*, p. 138.

squalor, misery and meanness, ought to be preferred to the condition of war.

Those, however, who believe in the possibility of a much better state of peace than any that has yet been realized, have a still stronger case. For what they set before themselves as an alternative to the lurid splendors of war is not a competitive egotism in which we are at present involved, but a co-operative commonwealth. What is base in the life of the average man of business, or clerk, or artisan, compared with that of the best soldier, is not the peaceableness of his occupation, but its lack of direct and conscious subordination to a common end. In a community well organized and well moralized, such as the one which socialists conceive, every occupation would be regarded as a public function, and performed in the spirit of public duty. This would of itself imply something of the elevation of character, and carry with it some of the great qualities with which the better kind of officer is credited. Such a society should surely satisfy any idealist, save one who should hold that no life can be noble or worth living which does not involve the constant risk of life. And even an extremist of this type, if such is to be found, may be reminded that there are occupations of peace, such as medicine and engine-driving and mining, in which life is risked more constantly than it is in modern war where a man may go through a campaign without ever seeing the enemy. Peace does not necessarily mean what the young officer calls "slackness." It is not many people, after all, who have the opportunity to be "slack." The "slackness" is that of the few people who have no need to earn their living, who live well and, in the old phrase, "wax fat and kick." It is they, or those who contemplate them, that feel a need of blood-letting as a purge. The disease of war is thus invoked to cure the disease of peace. But peace ought not to be a disease. And if it is so, that is because society is badly organized. There is thus a natural connection between the movement for social reform and the movement for peace, and it is not by accident that many socialists are anti-militarists. The military idealist attributes this peace propaganda to materialism and love of ease. Such motives may be present, as the motive of brutal sport is present in all military propaganda. But to suppose that that is all there is in it is profoundly to misapprehend the case. Taken at its best—and all movements to be understood must be taken at their best—the anti-military movement is one of idealism. It confronts the enthusiasm of war with that of peace. To the man who points to the hero-soldier, and to all the traditional military virtues, asking, "Do you mean to bring all that to an end?" it replies "Yes, I do! And public spirit, the devotion to duty, the discipline and order, thus set free, I intend to concentrate on the works of peace and culture. The cost of war, material and spiritual, is infinitely too high to pay for its virtues, which, I admit, exist. Our courage, our self-reliance, our intelligence and pluck, is going henceforth to find employment exclusively in remodelling and conducting civil life. I do not destroy the soldier, I emancipate and redeem him. Let him take his place henceforth in the industrial army."

It is, I think, in this kind of way that we may best put to ourselves the question, "Do we or do we not want war?" I do not suppose that to put the question is to answer it, or that the answer we may give in a calm moment with our intelligence is the answer our whole nature will give in a moment of crisis. But to define the issue is at any rate one step, and is perhaps all that discussion can do. My object, in

this paper, has been to help to clear our minds of the cant which forms about this question a peculiarly thick cloud. If we can prevent ourselves from being taken in by biological and historical charlatanism; if we can convince ourselves that the question, "Shall there be war or peace?" is one which human character and will must determine; and if we can then see clearly what it is that is good in war and what is the cost of it, what it is that is bad in peace and how it may be remedied, we shall at any rate have before us a comparatively plain and clear issue, to be reacted upon and determined by our whole character and experience.

The Albany Review. *G. Lowes Dickinson.*

TOUCH AND GO.

The sun had been blazing furiously all day, and the "cool air of the evening" was as cool as the hot room of a Turkish bath.

"Phe-ew!"

Jack Carstairs extended his puttee-encased legs to their full length, threw his arms back over his head, and, sinking more limply than ever upon the ground, exclaimed again, "Phe-ew!"

Half-a-dozen throats endorsed the sentiment, and half-a-dozen pairs of legs stretched out in sympathy.

They belonged—these legs—to a party of junior officers having the honor to serve in Her Majesty's Royal Die-hard Fusiliers, and, having carried their owners the whole blessed day under an African sky, were feeling just now not quite so well as they looked. For the summer heat of Zululand is something to remember when you have marched in it for a period, and it takes the grit and backbone out of a Western race. Of course it does this rarely, because it rarely gets the chance. But on the present occasion there had been trouble up-country. Ukimbo's tribe had been at their old tricks; and a detachment of the Die-hards which had gone forth to punish them were now (so the news had come in) in a very tight corner themselves. They could hold out for a couple of days, the messenger said—perhaps a little longer; but they were only fifty muskets, and Ukimbo meant business. Two thousand on the war-trail? Well, yes, two thousand—possibly three or four. Who could tell?

In such circumstances one does not wait for the sun, or, for that matter, for anything else; one simply goes ahead. And so the relief column had marched solemnly on till their backs and their arms and their legs ached all together, and till their faces felt shrivelled up like kippered herrings, and their mouths had grown drier than any limekiln.

"Gad! I'd like to be sitting in the Empire—let me see—third row of the stalls, with a great big whisky-and-soda in front of me, and a great, big, beautiful, white, round crystal lump of ice bobbying up and down in the middle."

"Johnson," said a growling voice, "if I wasn't so dog-tired I'd get up and punch your beastly head!"

"I *still* punch it," said another voice, "when this business is over."

"And I!" "And I!" chimed in another and another.

"All right, old chaps," agreed the delinquent indifferently; and then the subject dropped.

Only one of the group had refrained from taking part in the discussion. He lay somewhat out of the circle, and while the others spoke he listened silently and at intervals glanced almost

timidly from face to face. The light from some flickering lamp reached him now and then—when an intervening head chanced to move aside—and presently Jack Carstairs looked that way.

"Hallo, young un! thinking about that precious skin of yours and what's going to happen to it to-morrow, eh?"

Carstairs was a man of some consequence among the subalterns—he had been in action. True, it was a tin-pot affair in which no one was hurt except a few savages who were incontinently shot before they had time to put up a fight; but that was hardly the point. The point was that Carstairs had been in action, and that none of the others had; and that, therefore, when Carstairs made a joke it was bound to be a good joke. For which reason the answering laugh was prompt and noisy.

"And I owe an apology," said Johnson, "for mentioning the Empire with ladies present."

In this wise did Johnson allude to the "young un's" effeminate appearance, and to the fact that Francis Drake was known amongst the Royal Die-hards as "Miss Frances" Drake; and another shout greeted this sally. A spasm of energy, too, stirred the listeners for the first time that evening. It was always good fun drawing "Miss Frances"; and, however exhausted and tired the Die-hards might be, they were generally ready for a bit of fun. Therefore they changed their positions with a lazy effort and slanted their eyes towards the shaded corner.

The victim, however, responded slowly. As a rule it was not his habit to respond at all, diffidence being a marked feature in his character, and experience having taught him the wisdom of holding his tongue. But on this occasion he had raised himself to a sitting posture, and the expectant group were not a little startled by the angry look flashing from his face.

"I wasn't thinking of my precious skin," he said, turning to Carstairs and ignoring Johnson, "any more than you were thinking of yours. And, to tell the truth, I'm sick of you and your blather, Carstairs. You're always posing as a hero, but you don't seem to have done anything wonderful as yet, except *talk*, and—and"——

Drake sank back, with the sentence unfinished. Never before in his life, perhaps, had he ventured on such an outburst; never before had the latent spirit of a man shown in him so openly; and now, with the effort made, the sense of anger suddenly dwindled, and in the reaction that followed he cowered abashed and afraid before his own temerity.

But the anger of a gentle nature is a powerful weapon because of its unexpectedness possibly, or because of its justice; and when it comes, it comes like a thunderbolt, creating the surest havoc and consternation. In this instance there was no one ready with a reply. The listeners gaped open-mouthed at the speaker, and for a minute or more remained so, staring stupidly in astonishment; then, instinctively and of one accord, they turned to Carstairs. He had brought about the difficulty: he was the proper person to deal with it. Besides, they had not yet known him at fault in an emergency.

It was the more disappointing, therefore, to see that Carstairs was only laughing rather foolishly, and that he had nothing better to say than they had; and the disappointment deepened still further when the hero, having at last found his tongue, fell back tamely on a schoolboy retort.

"You'll sing another tune to-morrow, my lad," he said. "It's all jolly fine, you and your Dutch courage, when there isn't a nigger within ten miles, but—you'll sing another tune to-morrow, mark my words!"

Drake shrank farther back into the gloom and answered nothing; and the others, apart from a mild stare of astonishment, offered no comment.

Then Carstairs, stung suddenly to passion by a sense of his own ineffectiveness, blurted out afresh, "*Talk*, indeed! That's like your infernal impudence. Talk! There'll be something else than *talk* to-morrow, I can tell you. And see to it, my fine fellow, that you don't disgrace the regiment. There'll be no quarter, mind you—these infernal niggers don't give quarter; it's sheer murder from start to finish, and the regiment can't afford funkers on its muster-roll. So see to it, my lad, that you keep that pretty face of yours turned the right way about when the time comes, when these howling brutes start hacking at the square with their knives, and when —— Talk, indeed! Why"——

"Mr. Carstairs!"

A small, dapper man was standing in their midst. His iron-gray moustache seemed to bristle at them as he spoke, and his keen eyes flashed with indignation.

"Mr. Carstairs," he repeated in a sharp, incisive voice, "I have told you before that I will not allow conversation of this sort among my officers. Don't let me hear any repetition of it"; and, without another word, he turned on his heel and walked away.

But as he presently passed along the line of pickets, with a question here, an order there, scrutinizing, considering, and instructing, the closeness of his attention wandered at times and an unmistakable frown of anxiety crossed his face. The incident of a minute before had started him on an unpleasant train of thought, and it was not easy to drive it from his mind. For, if Major Vesey was a veteran in experience, he had learned the veteran's lesson that nigger-fighting is a tougher business than it seems, and that silly talk among the youngsters does not help to lighten the task. These schoolboys, he reflected, came out there endowed for the most part with a natural courage which seldom failed them at a pinch; but that courage needed nursing—ay, and careful nursing, too. Like any other attribute of youth, it lay upon the surface, to be displayed instantly—at a word; and at another word to be as readily wiped out of sight and out of existence. It had not yet become part and parcel of their being; it had yet to be grafted there firmly and enduringly by the rough hand of hardship. Major Vesey knew this well enough; and he knew also that, as in a cricket-match, the most difficult thing on earth is "to stop the rot" when it has once set in. It may not matter much on a cricket-field—it means life or death in face of an assegai; and this little, dapper officer could remember dead men by the score who were dead only because the "rot set in" and there was nobody to stop it. For that reason he said something under his breath about Carstairs, and that "something" referred to Mr. Carstairs's tongue.

And, in truth, that wagging tongue—just like most wagging tongues—had, as usual, managed to accomplish its evil work. Not, mind you, that Carstairs really meant it. Oh, dear me, no! For at bottom, as the regiment was quite ready to admit, Carstairs was not a bad sort. He had "points"—a generous nature, for instance, and a kindly heart; but, as the regiment was equally ready to admit, "the beggar was inflated." A small vanity might be reckoned his weakest spot, and that weak spot had been rubbed up this evening very roughly indeed. The suggestion that, after all, he was not such a big man as he pretended to be, that his fighting "record" was at best a poor affair, and that, seriously considered, he came remarkably near to

being a sham—for such was the drift of Drake's sudden outburst—had nettled him beyond endurance; and, without pausing to think, his temper holding the upper hand, he had blurted out an angry and heedless reply.

On the listeners, taken collectively, the remark left little or no impression. Unimaginative, they hardly realized its full purport. Besides, they were too tired to-night to care. No quarter, indeed! Sheer murder! Well, it would be soon enough to think of that in the morning; and, having made up their minds to this, they rolled themselves in their blankets and presently fell asleep.

But the human disposition is not always cast in one mould—hardly ever, if the truth be told—and the differences engendered by nature are as a rule only emphasized by habit and made more marked through the strengthening force of time. A peculiarity, or a sensibility, grafted on us in that earliest start of life is all too apt to remain where it is, and it is but seldom that a man's environment will help him much to foster a virtue or to conquer a weakness. For the most part, it will help him whole-heartedly the other way; and this had been the case with Francis Drake.

Instinctively timid, it had not been his good fortune as yet to experience that rougher side of existence which goes to the making of a man. A too anxious mother had interfered in the first place; some trifling delicacy, a matter of really small account, had given its casting vote for a tutor instead of a public school; and, that Francis Drake's misfortune might be the more complete, it so happened that his sister Eileen, a girl some twelve months older than himself, was living at home. Now, God forbid that one should ever utter a single syllable against the chastening influence of a woman! God forbid that one should write down here even the shadow of a suggestion against that dearest place on earth—our home! And yet, in the soberest judgment, it is always clear that there are times when evil may spring from good, when the helping hand shall only hinder, and when—through the accident of inopportunity—the kindest effort shall lead to our undoing. At any rate, so far as Francis Drake was concerned, this had proved to be true. The timidity of his nature, his sensitiveness, his delicate, almost effeminate, spirit, had thriven in the hothouse in which it grew; and his sister's character, reacting on his own, had left it, like hers, gentle—indeed, lovable—but wholly destitute of that spontaneous pluck, that strenuous energy, which belongs of right to manhood. A public school, in its rough-and-ready fashion, could have cured all this with both comfort and satisfaction to itself, had the chance been afforded; and the regiment, who were willing enough to act as deputy, found themselves in similar predicament, for "Miss Frances" had only joined three weeks before, and there had been no time to do anything with him. And thus it came about that now, whilst the outward evidence of slumber sounded aggressively all around him, he was still lying wide awake.

And yet Drake was far from being a coward. That distinction between timidity and cowardice, that broad division which separates the sense of fear from the weakness of yielding to it, stood for him, as it stands for most of us, a saving clause; and when marching orders had reached him three days before he had not been long in steadying himself. For an instant, it is true, his throat had tightened painfully; the fluttering of his heart had sounded in his ears like the beating of a drum, and he had looked round hurriedly lest the others too should have heard it. But that was impossible;

they had drowned all else in their frenzied cheering, in their wild "Hurrah!" and in that moment of shame the hot blood had rushed back into the boy's face, and he had set his teeth and stiffened his courage.

Then, with the effort made, that first gripping of the resolution taken, there ensued an inevitable reaction. While the cheering lasted, while that rousing "Hurrah!" still rang in his ears, it was well enough with Francis Drake. The exhilaration of the moment, the picture of the flushed, excited faces around him, the contagion of enthusiasm, struck a chord, and his whole nature responded instantly. But later on, in the calm of after-thought, the glamor of it melted away. A sense of despondency stole over him by degrees, a sense of unreality in the glory, a sense of vivid reality in the danger. And when the others left him one by one, some to see to the packing of their kit, some to write letters home, some to drink success to the regiment, the black cloud settled on him more surely, more persistently, than before. He could still hear them shouting—toasting each other, toasting the future. But the future! The future might mean death, and the life was gone out of the shout. Now, as it seemed to him, it was only the echo of a shout—no more than that; and in that period of loneliness, of overmastering depression, it was all a mockery of joy.

And during that three days' march bad grew steadily worse. The heat of the sun, the over-fatigue, and more particularly the constant strain of watching had exacted their sure toll from nerves already tense to the breaking-point. As some one had hinted in an incautious moment, "one never can tell where these black beggars may be—a hundred miles away or skulking in the grass at your elbow; one never can tell." Which, as a matter of fact, is the truth, and a truth unfortunately overheard by Francis Drake. It had set him thinking again; it had started all the old fancies afresh—those fancies which could so readily picture the worst aspect of any horror; it had shaken a resolution already wavering, and it had left him weaker and more fearful than before.

At such a moment it is that the helpfulness of a stronger nature may change the whole current of affairs—a word perhaps, a look of encouragement, may suffice; the merest suggestion of personal confidence, any trifle indeed—so delicate is the balance of a man's mind between firmness and infirmity of purpose. And it is not always through his own merit or fault that he shall fail or succeed. Toppling on the brink, he may go over with a crash, or through some happy fortune steady himself ere it be too late, and stand calmly facing the danger. This has come to most, on occasions; it had come now to Francis Drake. He was toppling on the brink, and as he stood there some one had given him a push from behind. No quarter, murder from start to finish, and howling demons hacking at the square with their knives! Carstairs had spoken heedlessly indeed; but he had upset the balance, and Francis Drake was writhing now in a very agony of torture. The others were asleep; there could be no sleep for him.

"Young un?"

Drake started at the sound. Outside all was still save for the hardly audible tread of the sentries, and within the tent not one of his companions stirred. Had he been dreaming? No; there it was again: "Young un!"

And the boy raised himself on his elbow.

"Is that you Carstairs?" he asked.

"Yes. I heard you tossing about, and I—I thought"—Carstairs spoke in a very low tone—"I thought that perhaps something that I said this evening

might have fright—I mean disturbed you. You know, young un, I was only chaffing. The fact is that this business to-morrow is a reguar one-man show, with Tommy Atkins playing the star part. There won't be any real fighting at all. We'll just sail through the beggars as a liner sails through a fishing-boat if they come in collision. I was only chaffing, young un."

Drake gazed a moment at the recumbent figure; then suddenly a lump rose in his throat.

"I—I know that," he said; then added simply, "Thank you, Carstairs."

"That's all right, old man; that's all right"; and with a sigh of relief, Carstairs turned over on the other side, his eyes slowly closed, and presently he had forgotten the "young un" and the niggers and all else that belongs to the land of the living.

But it was the first wink of sleep he had had that night. A pricking conscience—that best and surest recipe for wakefulness—had worked on him with its usual effect, and had kept him restless and unsettled; those careless words, spoken vain-gloriously but without any thought of evil intent, had recoiled with wondrous promptness on his own head. Strange to the terrors born of a too lively imagination, happily unconscious of the paralyzing fear which in certain natures may underlie anticipation, he had recked little enough of his thoughtless remarks at the moment when they were uttered. They had burst from him unrestrained in a spasm of irritability. Then suddenly he had noticed the change which came over Francis Drake; suddenly he saw the boy shrink back again within the shadow; suddenly he realized the harm that he had done. Then would he have recalled it all; then, when it was too late, when the mischief was beyond repair. It was the old, old story of unavailing regret, of a futile repentance, and it kept him tossing about in a fever. However—and now he metaphorically patted himself on the back—it was all right again. He had managed to straighten things up a bit. The young un knew now that he had only been talking rot; and so, with a respite at last from that troublesome conscience, with a grateful sense of a good deed done, the just man fell into that calm and peaceful slumber which is by right of heritage the sleep of the just.

Yet it is not thus easily that the past is to be obliterated. The accomplished fact can never be wiped out; its effect may be modified, that is all. In this case so much, and no more, had been achieved. The kindliness of Carstairs's action had touched the boy's heart, but it was powerless to erase from his mind that picture so firmly embedded there. Like the mark of a lead-pencil, it could fade beneath the rubber, and yet remain. The cheery encouragement had done something—indeed much—but it had not done enough. Something more was needed, some stronger touch than this, to make the weak man strong.

And so, when the day dawned at last, when the regiment fell in and the march began afresh, Francis Drake trudged alongside his company in limp and lifeless fashion. At starting he had straightened his back and squared his shoulders, for the timid are prone to some show of bravado; but the effort had been short-lived. He could not sustain it. His pale face spoke to that, and the heavy lines beneath his eyes.

"Ah, Drake!"—Major Vesey was passing along the column—"you look washed out, my boy. Had a bad night, eh?"

"Yes, sir. The—the heat, I think."

"Humph!" And the Major's critical glance added its own emphasis. "It *is* trying," he said presently, "but the morning air'll soon pull you together." Then, as he moved forward, he grum-

bled again something about somebody's "dashed infernal tongue."

But now there were matters of greater moment to think of. The head of the column was passing out of the open and had just commenced defiling through a wood. Military formation was no longer possible. Entering in single file, beating down the undergrowth which lay thick across the track, the men followed one another into the shadow.

"Slowly, my lads," said Major Vesey as he watched them disappearing one by one. "Slowly, there! And—keep a good lookout in front."

A good lookout! Ah, yes; but could it be done? When the trees stood studded so closely that in places a man could hardly squeeze between them, when the undergrowth clutched at one's leg and sometimes held it fast, and when the gloom around them was darker than the twilight, could it be done? Perhaps—perhaps not.

But they got along somehow, hacking a path as best they could, stumbling at times, struggling up again, and pantingly plodding onwards. And soon they were half-way through the wood.

"Call this nothink?" said one of the men. "Blest if I can see a bloomin' thing."

"Blest if I can either," chimed in one of the others. "Why, old Ukimbo hisself might be marchin' alongside."

And Drake, who was close at hand, had been thinking the very same thing. To realize the full risk they ran needed no veteran's experience. The uncertain foothold; the impossibility of seeing a dozen yards away; the hopelessness of combining in case of attack, of even using their weapons at all in the denseness of that foliage, were all apparent to the least-seasoned subaltern. A rat in a trap stood a better chance; at least he has room to turn about. And it was in just such a place as this, the boy remembered, that the Highlanders were cut to pieces two years ago. Not a man escaped; not one of them was left to tell the tale. Though there was evidence enough in all conscience, the clearest evidence in those horribly mangled bodies, in the cruel things that had been done to them, in the——

Crash! Bang! What was that?

The sound reverberated through the wood like a clap of thunder, and Drake stood rooted to the spot. So, then, it had come at last! It had come to them as it had come to the Highlanders, and—— No; somebody was laughing—laughing and joking and helping to haul somebody else up from the ground. One of them had tripped and fallen, and exploded his rifle. Oh, was that all? He might have shot some one, of course, careless beggar. But never mind; they were only half-way through the wood. Push along.

This last injunction came from a sergeant.

"Push along, there!"

And the Die-hards moved forward again—for an hour, maybe an hour and a half; and then a shout went up. The gloom had lightened unexpectedly, and the rays of sunshine were stealing in. Before them the trees were thinning and the path had turned less toilsome; a short three hundred yards ahead they could almost see the plain. There was good reason, then, for that cheery shout.

With a sigh of relief, Francis Drake gazed upon the welcome sight. During all this time the nervous strain had been growing more and more unbearable. It had mastered him with a slow and steady persistence; it had shaken him so that he was ready to start at the rattle of his own accoutrement, at the sound of a neighbor's cough, at the snapping of a twig beneath his feet; his own sigh, even, had struck his ear strangely and had filled him with a mortal fear.

But it was all right now. He could

see the rays of sunshine; he could almost see the open space beyond. They were so nearly out of the wood—thank God for that! His breathing came more regularly as the thought was realized; his step trod more firmly, more elastically, on the turf; the color crept back into his cheeks; and in a moment of renewed confidence he gazed around. In that moment his heart stood still! Peering at him through the bushes, not a dozen yards away, he saw two gleaming eyes—eyes set in a hideous black face—the eyes, the face that he had dreamt of so often!

"Look!"

He never knew that he had cried out. He was conscious that something had hurtled through the air, and that the man nearest him had fallen with a groan; but he was only conscious of this vaguely; his whole attention was fixed upon that hideous face; and as he looked a dozen others appeared beside it, and presently the bush was alive with men.

Drake stared at them an instant, stunned and stupefied. Then suddenly the truth came home to him, the recollection of the Highlanders who had gone before; and in a whirlwind of irresistible panic he turned to run.

"Mr. Drake!" A hand lay upon his shoulder. "Mr. Drake, the enemy is—in front!"

Checked by the words, the boy stopped, and, looking towards the speaker, met the firm gaze of Major Vesey.

"Come along," said the elder man, taking the other by the arm and turning him round. "Come along, and—we'll put the fear of God into these black fellows!—Steady there, lads! Steady there!"

Major Vesey had watched the drama as a critic watches, played in a dozen seconds. He had noted the period of hesitation, the sudden wave of terror, the shameful climax to it all; yet, filled with that sympathy which is born of ripe experience, he had made allowances, he had held forth a helping hand. And in that instant he knew that he had not held it forth in vain.

"Come along!" he cried again, this time with rising enthusiasm. "Come along!"

And there was no need for him to glance back over his shoulder. Already Drake was at his side. The enemy is in front! That was enough; that, and the contagious example of a brave man. And together they rushed forward into a storm of flying assegais, into a crowd of shrieking, naked savages, into a pandemonium upon earth.

. . . . . .

"Where's the Major?"

The Die-hards, such as were left of them, had formed in the open. There were still sounds of movement rustling through the wood, but never the sign of a black figure to be seen. The bayonet had worked too busily for them during that last half-hour, and the game was up. But it was a sadly diminished square that stood facing the scene of battle, a set of worn, weary, panting men, laboring for their breath and thanking Heaven that they were alive.

"Where's the Major?" Carstairs repeated the question, and glanced anxiously at the rest. But the answer came from the wood.

The war-cry had burst forth anew; the bush creaked and swayed before an oncoming mass; the assegais were flying once again; and in that moment a man carrying another man on his shoulders staggered through the trees. A race for life or death, and not a yard to spare!

"Quick, there, with the Maxims! Let 'em have it, boys!"

A steady rattle of the bullets, a sharp singing in the air, a pattering amongst the trees, and that oncoming mass

halted—rushed forward again—halted a second time—then wavered and fled; whilst the man with his burden had been drawing nearer, nearer, and nearer, till at last he stood within the square.

"Why, good heavens, it—it's the Major!" Tenderly they lifted him to the ground. "Are you much hurt, sir?"

"No, no; only a broken leg. But if it hadn't been for Drake"——

Drake! In the excitement he had slipped aside unnoticed. Relieved of his burden, he had thrown himself upon the grass without a word, his legs still shaking from their effort and his heart thumping like a sledge-hammer.

Chambers's Journal.

But it was to thump harder now—yes, much, much harder—hard enough to crack his ribs, I tell you, when that rousing cheer went up upon the veldt. It rang from every throat in one great chorus—the testimony they paid him—and it carried far and wide. It reached the flying savages as they ran, and made them scurry for their lives, as though the Evil One were behind; it reached the animals hiding in their lairs, and made them wonder what was coming next; it reached the Young Un's soul, and will remain there a memory, the sweetest memory, for ever.

Archibald Dunn.

AMERICAN CURRENCY AND BANKING.

Problems of currency and banking are hotly discussed in every period of monetary stringency. The Bank Act in England is often criticised at such a time, and its opponents have been accustomed to draw their most effective arguments from crises which the Act could not entirely prevent. But in the United States ever since their foundation currency troubles have been perpetual, and the experts there are usually engaged in discussing a recent panic or searching for an explanation of its cause. In the present crisis there is an unusually large crop of criticisms, and it seems likely that a great measure of currency reform will be presented to Congress early next year. At the present moment it will not be out of place to explain the monetary system of the United States in the light of new experience; for without a clear understanding of the currency it is scarcely possible to follow the working of the crisis.

Since the principle of a single gold standard was accepted by Congress and embodied in the Act of 1900 the United States currency has become rather less complex in character, and now falls broadly into four classes:—(1) gold coin; (2) gold certificates issued by the Government in return for gold; (3) Government notes secured by a reserve of not less than £20,000,000 and not more than £30,000,000; (4) National bank notes issued by authorized banking institutions under the supervision of the Federal Treasury. Of these four classes the last is, from the controversial point of view, by far the most important. It includes a very large portion of the currency; it has been the subject of a good deal of legislation in the past, and almost all the schemes now propounded by reformers are directed towards the increase or the improvement of this part of the circulation. It may be worth while, therefore, even at the risk of being too elementary, to describe the terms on which the notes are circulated, and the security demanded by Government from the banks which enjoy the right of issue.

The cardinal principle of this part of

the American money system is that all notes issued must be secured by an adequate deposit not of gold, but of Government securities, and although the nature and extent of the security has occasionally been varied by legislative action or by the decree of the Secretary to the Treasury, the law still remains much as it was when the National banks were first founded in 1863. At that time permission was given to all banking institutions which complied with certain requirements as to capital to deposit with the Secretary to the Treasury bonds of the United States Government, and, subject to a tax of 1 per cent., to issue notes up to 90 per cent. of the value of their deposit. These notes—though not strictly legal tender—were to be paid by the issuing banks whenever presented, to be received in payment by all other National banks, and to be redeemed at the Treasury at any time, whether the issuing bank was or was not solvent. In this way the notes carried with them not merely the credit of the bank of issue but the full guarantee of the Federal Treasury, which undertook to redeem them in any circumstances, and exacted from the banks, in addition to the bonds, a specie deposit of 5 per cent. on the total value of their circulating paper money. In formulating these regulations the Government, though anxious to improve the currency, was also seeking to create a market for its own bonds and to open up for itself an easy method of raising funds; but unfortunately it did not foresee the effect of its own action, or realize that as the national debt decreased and the national credit improved the banks would find it more and more expensive to issue notes, and would, instead of expanding their circulation to meet the growing prosperity of the country, tend to restrict it in order to keep down their purchase of the high-priced, low-interest-bearing Government securities. Thus the country was saddled with an inelastic paper currency, and complaints from all parts of the States grew so insistent that in 1900 Congress passed a measure to relieve the situation by making the work of issuing notes rather more lucrative and attractive to the National banks. With this object it granted permission for the issue of notes up to 100 per cent. instead of 90 per cent. of the par value of the deposits; reduced the tax on notes from 1 per cent. to ½ per cent., and converted the bonds held by the banks on terms advantageous to the holders. The effect of the Bill was immediately felt, and within three months the note issue of the National banks ran up from $214,000,000 to $274,000,000.

The relief afforded by the Act of 1900 was only temporary, and two years afterwards, when Mr. Shaw went to the Treasury he was met with the familiar demand for more elasticity and greater powers of expansion, and the history of the last few years is mainly a story of the devices adopted by him in order to satisfy the public cry. Attacking the currency problem at the old point but along a different line, he declared that no change was necessary in the existing laws, only a rather broader method of interpreting them; and he attempted by introducing new readings of the law and varying his own readings at different periods of the year to bring about the required expansion and contraction at the proper seasons. In the autumn of 1902, for example, when monetary conditions in New York were very stringent, he strained the wording of the Act of Congress and accepted from the banks municipal and other stocks in place of Government securities, thus enabling them to issue notes more cheaply and more freely than they had been able to do so long as the statutory words "Government and other securities"

were held to exclude bonds not issued on the credit of the federal Government. The result was an immediate increase in circulation, which, in view of the autumnal demands for money, may perhaps have been justified. But unhappily Mr. Shaw, like many others before him, found it a good deal easier to expand note issues than to contract them. His intention had been to accept the inferior securities only during the moving of the crops, and as soon as the seasonal stringency was over to get rid of the additional notes by requiring Government stocks for all the National bank deposits. But the scheme was not successful, and instead of contracting when the period of stress was over the note circulation went on expanding, against the will of Mr. Shaw and in spite of the restrictive tendencies natural in the first six months of the year. A repetition of the experiment in 1906 produced exactly the same consequences. The circulation between October and January increased by $24,000,000, and again by $6,000,000 between January and June, so that Mr. Shaw's plan to bring about elasticity by varying interpretations of the law has not produced elasticity, but only a continuous and possibly dangerous expansion. The broad results of his policy may be seen in the fact that the National bank notes outstanding increased in five years by $237,000,000, or 66 per cent. At the same time, it should be noticed that the stock of gold has enormously increased. Between 1896 and 1906 the stock of gold increased by $873,000,000, while the National bank circulation increased by only $335,000,000.

The general problem with which we are here concerned may be summarized by a statement of the three alternative methods by which a paper currency may be established. First there may be an issue of inconvertible notes, directed by the Government, a scheme which might be successful under a perfectly wise and perfectly honest administration in a country unaffected by the foreign exchanges. Secondly, there is the United States plan of issuing notes against debt, which is, of course, superior both from the point of view of security and of foreign trade to an inconvertible paper currency, but is handicapped by the difficulties of regulation that we have already explained. And, thirdly, there is the English system of issuing notes against gold, under which the note circulation responds automatically to the legitimate requirements of industry without fostering inflation.

It is clear, we think, from the above statement of the American currency system that neither the old currency laws nor the new currency laws nor their recent developments under the administrative interpretation of the Secretary of the Treasury can be held responsible in any large degree for the present cataclysm. Some people have attempted to fix upon Mr. Roosevelt as the person who undermined public confidence, but, after all, he only acted as the interpreter of public sentiment. As our esteemed contemporary, the New York *Evening Post*, put it soon after the outbreak of the panic:—

It was not Mr. Roosevelt who attempted to corner United Copper. It was not he who obtained control of a chain of banks, purely for speculative purposes. It was not his name that had long stood as the symbol of all that is suspect and abhorrent to sound and honest bankers. No; it was the Heinzes, the Morses, the Thomases, and their breed, who, by their gambling and piratical use of the machinery of credit brought on its disorder. Imprudent as the President may have been in his public utterances, he might have talked till doomsday without causing a thousandth part of the trouble which these highwaymen of finance precipitated in a single day.

This is what may be called the moral aspect of the crisis, and we notice that the opinion we have expressed in the *Economist*, that this economic and financial crisis is essentially a moral crisis, a crisis caused by the spread of a general and well-founded distrust in the methods and character of many of the commercial and financial magnates who have got corporations and trust companies and even banks into their clutches, is now the accepted theory not only of the American Press, but also of Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his Privy Council. The first remedy on the programme of Mr. Morgan and his associates, as tabulated in an apparently inspired statement of the *Daily Telegraph's* New York correspondent last Wednesday, runs as follows: "The purifying of the banking and trust company directorates through the enforced resignation of undesirable men, who have slipped into the board through laxity or for purposes of 'high finance' not open to honest scrutiny." But this is not the whole story. There are technical as well as moral evils. Just as the technical evil of the New York currency consists in the idea mentioned by our correspondent, and carried out in the clearing-house certificate device, that a currency based on assets, "Government and municipal bonds," is as good as a currency based on gold, so the vice of American banking even in the great majority of cases where the management is above suspicion seems to be that it neglects the well-known difference between a mortgage and a bill of exchange. A great English authority once remarked: "Nothing is easier to conduct than the business of a banker, if he would only learn the difference between a mortgage and a bill of exchange." It is the failure to make this distinction, if we may accept the recently expressed opinion of Mr. Charles Conant, a competent observer and critic, that is causing many of the present difficulties. The piling up of loans, he says, by American banks upon pyramids of inflated stocks and bonds is due in large degree to the great development of industrial securities in recent years. "Such securities do not represent circulating capital, but fixed capital. They are simply obligations, or shares, in a mill, a railway, or a mine, which represent a permanent investment. They are either mortgages or something which ranks below mortgages. Securities circulate, but the property they represent is fixed." They are not therefore in any proper economic sense circulating capital, and are not a safe basis for the investment of deposits payable on demand; for when the pinch comes they depreciate and are unsalable in large quantities. The true basis of sound banking is commercial paper, because such paper represents circulating capital. Bills of this character are legitimate anticipations of purchases of agricultural products and raw materials. These will be converted within a short time into food and manufactured articles, whose sale for consumption affords the means to pay off the paper, and thereby closes the transaction. But when money is borrowed on securities, no such operations follow, and there is no natural and normal date for closing the transaction.

The Economist.

ANONYMOUS VOICES.

In the course of reading one is often struck by the important part played by anonymous voices throughout history. The Scriptures are full of instances in which the words of nameless speakers have become historic. "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian?"—words few, and their speaker unknown; but they drove Moses into the desert, an exile for forty years. "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," sang the Hebrew maidens in their rejoicing over the death of Goliath, and we know what fateful words they proved to the hero they were meant to honor. We remember the breathless arrival of Job's servants in sad fourfold succession, each with his tale of woe no sooner delivered than outdone by that of the next comer, and how each ended with the piercing refrain: "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee." Job's wife, that Eastern Lady Macbeth, hisses out her diabolical instigation: "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die." Certain Chaldeans pillory themselves and glorify three Jews for all time by their sycophantic tale-telling: "These men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." And others perform the same office for "that Daniel" which was "of the children of the captivity of Judah," to his great honor and their own undoing. Returning with slow steps and with awed and wondering looks come the men set to catch Jesus in his words, framing as they pass their more than sufficient excuse: "Never man spake like this man." The "young ruler" runs with his eager inquiry to the Master, and goes away sorrowful, making the great refusal. The woman of Samaria, with her keen questioning, draws from Christ the glorious truth that "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." As speaker of an all too memorable sentence, there is the pert servant-maid who with a word cowed Peter and made him sin the sin of his life. The Roman centurion and the repentant dying thief soften the horror of the Crucifixion by their words of compassion verging to adoration; and the two that journeyed to Emmaus touch us strangely as they say to their new companion: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent"; and again, later, with their wistful "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?" Coming down the line of Church history, we catch the cry from the crowded amphitheatres, "The Christians to the lions!" Or if it is the gladiatorial combats, all eyes watch and ears listen as the gladiators enter the arena, take their stand before the Emperor's chair, and cry: "Hail! Cæsar. We about to die salute thee!" And we need no further comment on the pitiless spirit of old Rome.

But the change came; and perhaps there is no more characteristic scene to be found in the newer age than that of Augustine cast down in the bitterness of his repentance under a certain fig-tree in his garden at Milan, and crying: "How long, Lord, wilt thou be angry, for ever?" And lo! from a neighboring house there comes a voice, as of a boy or girl singing and oft-repeating: "Take, read: take, read." Instantly he interprets this to be no

other than a divine command to him to open the book he had just laid down—the Epistle to the Romans—and to read the first chapter he should find.

He opens and reads in silence the words: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." He reads no further, for already the words have driven away his doubt, and his restless heart is at peace. And Rome, no longer the pitiless, will give us the transition to our own land; for was it not in her market-place that the sight of some poor little lads offered for sale as slaves drew Gregory, a humane Christian priest, into the well-known dialogue with the slave-dealer? The talk came to an end, and priest and slave-dealer each went his way; but England to-day has her Christian Church, and Canterbury its Primate, as a result of that Dialogue.

A succession of London mobs shouting the cry of the moment would give in main the course of our rough island story. "God save the King!" bespeaks the happy Coronation crowd. King Charles could not go down to the house at the head of his Guards to seize the Five Members without a running accompaniment of "Privilege! Privilege!" from the apprentices of London,—a cry which might have told him he had more than a Parliament to reckon with. Nor could that Parliament itself forget that its power was delegated without being brought to book by "Down with the Rump!" So the cries of "God bless your Graces!" following the Seven Bishops to the Tower—of "Give us our eleven days!" (upon the alteration of the calendar)—of "No Popery!" of "Wilkes and Liberty!"—of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!"—each gives a period in brief, almost down to the dawn of our own day.

Vox populi, vox Dei? It may be so, on the whole; but we would exclude such a shout as that Jedburgh one of "Burke Sir Walter!"—perhaps the meanest cry ever raised as a good gray head went past. The battlecries of soldiers tell us much, from the "St. George for Merry England!" of the days of Cressy and Agincourt to the "Hurrahs!" and "Vive l'Empereurs!" of Waterloo, or the Confederate yell of the American Civil War. But not less impressive, on occasion, is a solitary voice. Say Sir Thomas More is on the scaffold, the fatal blow is struck, and the executioner, showing the severed member, cries: "This is the head of a traitor!" And does not the whole chaotic spirit of the French nation at the time of the Revolution shriek out in the hour-long cry of an unknown Frenchman amid the hubbub and horror of a sitting of the Convention in the Reign of Terror: "I demand the arrest of the rogues and dastards!" The spirit of conquerors speaks in the jests of the British sailors at the siege of Quebec, when, grappling with the French fireships that bore down on them at night, they shouted to each other in their rough fun: "Hang me, Jack! Didst ever take hell in tow before?" Few men have had greater issues hanging upon their words than had the unknown French sentry who watched on the Heights of Abraham above Quebec on the night of September 12th, 1759, as the thirty British boats stole down the river on their fateful errand. "Qui vive?" rang out through the darkness. "La France!" replied a quick-witted Highland officer on board. "A quel régiment?" asked the suspicious sentry. "De la Reine," answered the Highlander. A convoy of provisions was expected, and the sentry was satisfied. Wolfe and many another man was free to pass on, to

victory and to death. But what if the sentry had not been satisfied?

Sometimes an anonymous word is a loophole into personal character, as when a chance stranger, passing through Westminster Abbey while Ben Jonson's monument was being erected, gave the mason a trifle to cut on the medallion the words: "O rare Ben Jonson!" Sometimes they make a bit of bygone social life vocal to us, as when the watchman passing at night with his bell and lantern under Pepys's window cries: "Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning!" Such voices reach us in words like Christian, Lollard, Roundhead, Whig, Tory, Methodist, Ranter,—for some one once used these terms for the first time. And so with country-side sayings, old ballads, world-wide proverbs, nursery ditties, tales of folk-lore, ancient litanies —indeed, languages themselves—they are all echoes of past anonymous voices. We think of the Breton fisherman's prayer as he puts out to sea,—"O God, do Thou help and guard me. Thy ocean is so great, and my poor boat so small!" And that of the French soldier going into battle,—"O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" Nor must we forget those poor women of Bedford whose talk together at their doors, overheard by Bunyan, led to his conversion, with all that followed upon that. Nor the old woman who said to Bishop Burnet, holding up her dry crust: "I have all this and Christ." Nor the touching human kindness of those two untaught negro women—mother and daughter—who, finding Mungo Park fainting and ready to die, out in the West African wilds, succoured him and brought him back to life, singing the while, in a low chant: "Let us pity the white man; no mother has he to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn." Sir Walter Scott cherished a saying of an old Irishwoman whom he met on his tour in Ireland, and who spoke of herself as "an ould struggler." And who does not know that anonymous and delightful old lady who, in her attendance at sermon, received so much benefit from "that blessed word Mesopotamia"? Wordsworth's poem, "Stepping Westward," read along with the note to it, is a striking proof of the occasional power of the anonymous voice. He says:—"While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the course of our Tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, 'What, you are stepping westward?'" That this passing word should fall upon just the right ears, and so give to the world a joy and an illumination for ever, is one of those rare events that awe and uplift the mind. We suddenly know and feel that not only is the commonest bit of earth holy ground, but that heaven lies about us *now* as much as ever it did in our infancy, and that, although the vision may fade, we are permanently in higher hands.

At a critical time in the life of John Wesley, when, to save his soul, he was about to retire into a remote privacy and give himself up to prayer and self-discipline, an unknown adviser, a "serious man," gave him back to England and humanity by saying to him:—"Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember, you cannot serve Him alone. You must find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of a solitary religion." A few words spoken by a servant-maid to Charles Wesley led him to step, before his long-struggling brother, into life and liberty of soul. And when Whitefield was setting out for America some wise friend said to him: "If you have

a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough in Kingswood." He went to the Kingswood colliers, and in his so doing the great Evangelical Revival in England was begun.

It is not to be expected that anonymous words will always be meeting such high issues. Their more natural level is that of social intercourse; and happy hits and encounters innumerable have been preserved showing the prowess or otherwise of an anonymous speaker. Even schoolboys have left sayings behind them that will live perhaps as long as the language. Take these from two Rugby boys: "It would be a shame to tell Arnold a lie; he always believes us"; and "Temple's a beast, but he's a just beast." And we must not omit that little ragged Londoner who, when asked what the country was like, said: "It's the big yard where the gemmen live." Fortunately it is not given to every chance word to be handed down the ages. But this saying of Carlyle's still holds good: "No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Eternity. And the Recording Angel (consider it well) is no fable, but the truest of truths."

The Spectator.

THE METHOD OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE.*

By his admirable "Dolly Dialogues" Mr. Anthony Hope first caught the public ear; by "Rupert of Hentzau" he extended his conquest, over the wide suburbs to the far provinces; and in "Quisanté" and "A Servant of the Public" he showed us to what finer uses he could put his talent. By "A Servant of the Public" he did not, indeed, increase his popularity, which was a good sign, for, in matters artistic, the public is a good servant but a bad master. If the pure artist be always a little suspect of the public, it is that his work necessarily tends to disturb its equanimity by disclosing new standpoints and disturbing current valuations. And in "A Servant of the Public" the author showed signs of breaking out of the ranks of the popular favorites whose work rests on the basis of accepting and emphasizing the tastes and outlook of the majority. Popularity, it may be added, is quite an impossible achievement for those distinguished artists who have neither the instinct nor the ability of interesting the plain man in himself. Imagine Mr. Henry James or Mr. Conrad, for example, becoming popular! Fame may, of course, bring popularity without the author's being in any sense a popular favorite with his readers. But, after reading "Tales of Two People," it is clear to us that Mr. Anthony Hope does not intend to pass the crossroads and venture down the narrow path which leads to distinction—and, incidentally, to the tailing off of one's supporters. He has chosen his part, and it is on the basis of his popular appeal to the majority that we must accept him.

Mr. Anthony Hope, in fact, has legitimately earned his popular place by crystallizing and personifying in his heroes a definite frame of mind in the modern Englishman, which has never been put in black and white so completely before. The hero of his novels is ever the quiet and unobtrusive young Englishman who, while he is too diffident to take himself seriously, always turns up trumps at the crisis by his power of effacing himself for the benefit of others—not infrequently for the gracious eyes of a Princess in distress. The modern Englishman's con-

*"Tales of Two People." By Anthony Hope. (Methuen) 6s.

ception of "good form," to hold oneself in reserve and not to show oneself an ass, along with his belief in practical action and his carefully guarded ideals, all that this frame of mind implies is so dexterously wrought by Mr. Anthony Hope into the living presentment of his matter-of-fact cautious Englishmen, that his heroes stand as the type of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen in the middle class. It is a national habit of mind along with a class ideal that Mr. Anthony Hope portrays in "Rupert of Hentzau," and the secret of his popularity is simply that the ordinary commonplace Englishman sees himself, his own reserve, his own outlook, his own aspirations, and his own delight in his own limitations, expressed in a portrait of which he can cordially approve. Whether they be barristers, stockbrokers, parsons, bank clerks, or soldiers, Mr. Anthony Hope's readers are bound to be satisfied with his heroes' morals and manners; and to have established this agreement by a series of novels that are clever, entertaining, and picturesque should surely be recognized as an instinctive feat deserving of the widest popularity.

There remains, of course, the point of art. And the art of Mr. Anthony Hope's best stories is not, well, remarkable. It is neat and well bred, and, after all, the art that finds favor in the drawing-rooms and is much in request at the libraries is that which knows its place. The old quarrel between the public at large and the artist is that the latter, following nature and revealing her, is apt to be disconcerting. And Mr. Anthony Hope, like nearly all popular favorites, allows nature about as much discretion as she is allowed at a dinner party. The story is well turned, the manner kindly, and the narrator, with the light touch of the skilful host, feels how uncomfortable it would be if one of his guests were to startle the others. After all, art must know its place. There is, moreover, an art of drawing-room comedy, discreet and gentlemanly in its irony, and where Mr. Anthony Hope's originality and charming touch have found successful expression is in stories such as "What Was Expected of Miss Constantine," in the volume before us. The beautiful Miss Constantine is expected to marry the brilliant Valentine Hare, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, who has birth, beauty, and brains, "shop-window brains," as the irreverent declare. Miss Constantine detects the false metal in the man and throws herself away on Oliver Kirby, a nobody in the Colonial Office, who has, however, a splendidly open and candid mind. On subjects such as this we have Mr. Anthony Hope at his best, for it is in the shades of humorous understanding, or misunderstanding, between the sexes that his quality is disclosed. And, here again, he always reproduces instinctively and admirably the frame of mind in which the modern Englishman prefers to approach woman. He likes to laugh at her and feel her incomprehensible with one side of his nature, and to idealize her with the other. The natural separation between the sexes, so much more marked, in most aspects, in the Teutonic than in the Latin races, is bridged after a fashion, here, by the Englishman's instinct of chivalry. And Mr. Anthony Hope's heroes are all instinctively and daringly chivalrous, even while they are chaffing their masculine friends for their individual infatuations. It is the Englishman's carefully guarded idealism breaking out through the matter-of-fact surface of his practical life that our author hits off with a neat effectiveness, always pleasing. And it is by following this sure instinct of his that Mr. Anthony Hope arrives at fashioning in the person of his ideal

Princess a bewitching, candid, gracious, dainty creature, an image of the eternal feminine that directly and exactly corresponds to the image which every true Englishman, whether he be a bank clerk or a barrister, carries within his breast. This ideal heroine satisfies our sense of chivalry, our idea of devotion, our demand for daintiness, our worship of "blood," and she plays upon the whole gamut of our secret desires and yearnings for the woman our finer instincts are in search of.

In the clever little story, "Mr. Thistleton's Princess," Mr. Anthony Hope hits off with much dexterity this double-sidedness in the ordinary Englishman's nature, and while he scores off his snobbishness, latent or active, he contrives to satisfy our deepest sense of "good form," which, again, is inseparable from his desire "not to make an ass of himself." The Princess Vera of Bavaria comes to stay at the Manor House, Southam Parva, where she is entertained by her solicitor, Mr. Thistleton, who has "taken up her claim" against the Royal House of Bavaria. But Mr. Thistleton's legal missives are met with a crushing silence, and the Princess's money being quickly exhausted, she descends with rapid steps the social scale in Southam Parva, passing from "Her Royal Highness" to "The Countess Vera," then to "Poor Countess Vera," then to "Fräulein Friedenburg" and then to "Fräulein," as the humble governess in the Thistleton household! She is penniless, has nowhere to go, and moreover, owes Mr. Thistleton two hundred pounds. The hero, the quiet, unobtrusive narrator, a typical young Englishman, who has the good sense not to take himself seriously, of course, acts the part of patient, loyal, and discreet friend to the Princess in her distress, and does *not* commit the *faux pas* of proposing to her after the vulgarian, Charley Miles, has reluctantly admitted that he had "better not invite her to become Mrs. Charley Miles!" Naturally, there is a revolution in Bavaria, and the Princess Vera, by the help of her English friend, departs post haste to her own country, where she soon ascends the throne instead of taking a new situation as nursery governess to a Mrs. Perkyns of Maida Hill. This story well illustrates the sort of half-way house Mr. Anthony Hope occupies to-day between the artists and the fashionable favorites. If he could have brought himself to shock our feeling for the purple, if he did not accept and emphasize the tastes and outlook of the majority of his countrymen he might—but let us be grateful that he has given us "The Dolly Dialogues" and "A Servant of the Public."

The Nation.

THE WEST INDIAN PROBLEM: A REPLY TO "IMPERIALIST."

A brilliant writer who drapes rather than cloaks his indentity under the pseudonym of "Imperialist" has discoursed on "The Problem of the West Indies" in the July number of the *Fortnightly*.[1] He makes the astonishing suggestion that we should surrender our West Indian Islands, comprising, as they do, some of the oldest possessions of the British Crown, to the United States, receiving in exchange the Philippine Archipelago. And he seeks to justify this amazing proposition of Vaudoux-worship up-to-date, this sacrifice of our children on the altar of a phil-oriental imperialism, on the ground that the Antilles are

[1] "The Living Age," August 17.

now, and ever will be, a source of weakness, "a heel of Achilles" to the British Empire. Froude's "Bow of Ulysses" remains indeed yet unstrung; an arrow from the quiver of a modern Paris, winged by the *Fortnightly Review*, has penetrated the one vulnerable spot of our British Achilles.

Here is "Imperialist's" analysis of the situation: "The ills from which the West Indies suffer have their rise in purely economic causes." "It is time that the people of Great Britain began to face the unpleasant fact that the West Indies cannot hope to see their ancient prosperity restored to them so long as they continue part and parcel of the British Empire." "The question from first to last is purely one of economics." We can, in fact, neither help the islands on the way to prosperity, nor defend them in their adversity. It is inconsistent with the general scheme of Imperial defence that we should detail either troops or ships-of-war for West Indian service. Their potential value is so insignificant that the expediency of retaining even one of these islands as a coaling-station on the future highway to the Pacific is ignored by "Imperialist." The "Heel of Achilles" being thus stricken, locomotor ataxy supervenes; the whole Empire suffers; amputation is the remedy.

Economic causes have indeed been largely responsible for the financial depression under which the British West Indies have now for a quarter of a century been suffering; and the gradual but continuous decline of the sugar-industry has been the principal factor among them. But wealth is not all, and it is only by neglecting, with "Imperialist," the importance of the social amelioration slowly but steadily being effected by British administration that it is possible to reach his conclusion that millennial blessings would accompany the annexation of the islands to the United States.

His argument for the exchange of Colonies may be thus stated. The Filipinos will attain under British rule that Nirvana of peace without payment and plenty without labor which "Imperialist" alleges to be their ideal, an ideal which both Spanish and American institutions have hitherto failed to provide. Englishmen are to steer the ship of state; Chinese immigrants are to man the oars; the Filipinos are to be ferried tranquilly as saloon-passengers down the river of life. In the West Indies it is otherwise. Here the Union Jack has failed to produce either peace or plenty. Under the Stars and Stripes old dreams of Eldorado will at once materialize.

American annexation might indeed irrigate our West Indian islands with wealth from that wonderful stream of capital which has been flowing into Puerto Rico ever since 1900. But it would be imprudent to prophesy that results equally satisfactory would follow. In Puerto Rico there are 589,000 whites, against only 363,000 black and colored persons: the grant of representative institutions has therefore been possible. In addition to the influx of wealth, the marked superiority of American over Spanish rule has caused all classes and races to acquiesce in the transfer of allegiance. Now "Imperialist's" suggestion is that "no attempt would be made by America to treat the British West Indian islands as a single entity." It would be recognized that "the interests of the Colonies are individual, not collective, and the West Indies would be converted into a number of *States*, each one of which would possess large autonomous powers." This grotesque proposition would involve the admission into the Union of at least six new States. Each would have a population in which the black and colored element outnum-

bered the whites in the ratio of perhaps 15, or even 20, to 1. All six combined would have a total population of about 1,600,000; or rather less than the State of Mississippi. The statesmen of America, although "understanding the color-question more perfectly than those of any other country in the world," would most certainly not accept "Imperialist's" doctrine that the possession of these six new black States "would import no new and troublesome factor into their home politics." At any rate America has hitherto evinced no special desire to incorporate new "black" States in the Union, despite the standing temptation of the disorder and isolation of Hayti. Even Puerto Rico and Cuba, though the black population is a minority in each, remain outside the charmed circle of "States," one as a Colony in the cradle, the other as a Republic in leading strings. Consideration of the difficulties encountered in applying to the nine millions of existing black American citizens the principles of free Republican institutions compels the admission that American statesmen are wise to pause before augmenting that number.

The views of the 1,500,000 black and colored subjects of King Edward who, within recent years, have provided the West Indies with a Chief Justice and an Attorney-General of marked ability might be translated into something more than mere passive resistance were they to learn that it was seriously proposed to deliver them over to the delights of lynch-law, and to the practical exclusion from all positions of any importance, administrative, social or professional, which prevails throughout the Southern States. The 150,000 East Indians in Trinidad, Jamaica and St. Lucia would unhesitatingly select instant repatriation at the public expense rather than surrender the high hopes which they have formed, and indeed are rapidly realizing, of advancement in every field of colonial life.

The other side of the picture is less open to criticism. How would the annexation of the Philippine Islands fit in with our Imperial organization? No patriotic Briton will deny that with our national genius for the government of alien races Great Britain could surmount the undoubted difficulties of administering the affairs of 7,500,000 Filipinos. But even "Imperialist," with all his contempt for Federation, hesitates to suggest that the task would be simplified by governing the new possessions as half-a-dozen separate Colonies. Mr. James F. Smith might find his task facilitated by the assistance of a trained British civil service. Trained British civil servants might possibly consider that Mr. James F. Smith did not conform to their preconceived ideas of a Governor-General. But they would hardly suggest the abolition of the Governor-Generalship. Yet the north of Luzon is as far from the south of Mindanao as is Trinidad from Jamaica, or the "Isle of Man from Madeira"; there are under 200 miles of railways, and there are some 3,000 other islands intervening. We should not then avoid the necessity of providing a central government for the group, and subordinate governments for the provinces. Nor should we in the East Indies escape the bogey of sugar, the chief "economic difficulty" which has harassed us in the Antilles, for the sugar production of the Philippine Islands is not unequal to that of our West Indian Islands.

We may leave, then, the destiny of the Philippines to be fashioned in the crucible of the future, whether the cunning alchemist shall come from America or from Japan; and putting aside the chimerical proposal of an excambion, consider "The Problem of the West Indies" as it presents itself for

practical solution to British statesmanship in the opening years of the twentieth century.

Unhesitating acceptance may be given to three propositions laid down by "Imperialist"; first, "that the present state of the West Indies is undeniably unsatisfactory"; secondly, that "the time has come when action of some sort or another must be taken if their salvation is to be effected"; and, thirdly, that "the proposal of the *Times* correspondent to amalgamate the West Indies with Canada could not be effected by any conceivable system of governmental machinery." But when he asserts that "the period of Britain's usefulness (in the Antilles) is ended; her *raison d'être* has vanished; it is time for her to withdraw," agreement ceases. And when he dilates upon the "unalterable and adverse conditions" which preclude our developing the islands "in a satisfactory manner," he uses a phrase of which even one of our "colossally ignorant legislators" might be ashamed. Adverse, yes; but unalterable, a thousand times no! Too many administrators—"armchair" and otherwise—have, however, acted upon "Imperialist's" view. The error which vitiates the whole of his argument is crystallized in the assumption that "the interests of the Colonies are individual, not collective"; an assumption so thoughtless and so shallow as to be totally unworthy of its gifted author. It would be rash to predicate of any countries, however various, that they had no collective interests. All nations have a common interest in peace, trade, hygiene, communication. Given a chain of tropical islands—each, with one exception, visible from its nearest neighbors—similar in climate, in the preponderance of its negro population, in loyalty to the throne, the presumption is that this list of common interests might be considerably extended. The whole crux of the problem of Federation lies in distinguishing the "collective" from the "individual" interests, in allocating the former to the Central Government, and in delegating the latter to local administrations.

"Imperialist," in referring to the West Indian Debate which took place in the House of Commons on the 17th May, 1905, says that Federation was then put forward as a remedy "calculated to cure all the ills to which the West Indies are heirs," and defended principally on the score of the economy which it would effect in the cost of administration. A perusal of "Hansard" scarcely bears this out. Federation was advocated, not as a panacea, but as a condition precedent to health. There is doubtless an excess of highly-paid officials in the West Indies. Their reduction was defended less on the score of economy than of efficiency, of unity, and a common policy. Even though Federation were to cost *more* than the present system, or systems, of administration, it would be none the less desirable.

"Imperialist" admits that "the West Indies are not one entity now, and lack any unifying influence which is likely to make them one in the future." That very influence would be found in Federation, against which he so vigorously protests.

It may be useful to define what is here meant by Federation. No responsible man, acquainted with the West Indies, would seriously propose to set up a central elective Parliament. The Federal authority should consist of a Governor-General and executive officers appointed by the Secretary of State; and of a legislative council, nominated to represent the several Colonies. It should control Defence, Customs and Excise, Inter-insular Communications, Higher Education, the Imperial Department of Agriculture (after the expiry of the Imperial Grant), Quarantine Regulations, and any other

"collective interests." There should also be a Federal Court of Appeal.

The provincial affairs of the six federated Colonies would continue to be transacted locally, under the guidance of an Administrator or Lieutenant-Governor. The legislative powers of the local councils being limited to matters devolved upon them, it would be safe to increase gradually their elective element, though their constitutions should still vary, as at present, in accordance with local conditions and political maturity. In some instances a glorified County Council would meet all real requirements.

The Federal Government would not lack work ready to its hand. Its Financial Officer would find in the six Colonies a chaos of different tariffs. So many Colonies, so many different scales of duties. In the Windward Colony, indeed, each island has a distinct and separate system of import-duties, imposed impartially upon goods coming not only from foreign countries, from the United Kingdom, or from the other British West Indian Colonies, but even from the other islands in the same group! The gradual assimilation of these conflicting tariffs could only be effected by a Central Government, and would do much to facilitate the movement and interchange of commodities among the various islands.

Far wider possibilities are opened up by the question of Free Trade between the West Indies and Canada. The *Times* correspondent, on the 24th of August, 1905, did good service in ventilating this question. Canada exports timber, flour, oats, salt-fish and dairy produce, for all of which commodities there is, in the Antilles, a large demand. The West Indies, in their turn, produce sugar, cacao, fruit, coco-nuts, cotton, to say nothing of asphalt and oil. Each needs the market of the other. Their exports are complementary, not competitive. Neither therefore desires Protection against the other. Why not Free Trade? Early in 1900 overtures in fact were made by the Canadian Government for the establishment between Canada and Trinidad of absolute reciprocal Free Trade, except in alcohol and tobacco. Downing Street gave no sign. Trinidad lay under the spell of those who chanted the praises of Preferential Trade with the United States. The proposals unhappily fell to the ground. Had import duties been mutually abolished, a trade, already considerable, would have rapidly doubled in volume; and Canada, doubtless, would have felt encouraged to enter into similar relations with other West Indian Colonies. The negotiation, indeed, of separate Free Trade Treaties with eight several Colonies, each with a different tariff, is a task that might well appal even a Cobden. But how vastly the work would be simplified if the Federated Dominion of Canada could deal direct with a Federated Colony of the West Indies!

The control of Higher Education, and the development of Agriculture, again, are matters which can only be satisfactorily administered by a central authority. Nothing that Mr. Chamberlain accomplished for the West Indies has been of greater benefit than his creation of the "Imperial Department of Agriculture." Sir Daniel Morris has worked wonders in the islands under his care. The advancement of science in agricultural practice, the promotion of agricultural education in secondary schools, the introduction of new and promising industries like cotton and rubber, or of improved varieties of cane, are due, and almost solely due, to Sir Daniel Morris and his able lieutenants. The stagnation, in these respects, of Trinidad, has been the index to the progress of those islands in which the work of the Imperial Department has been carried on. Even Trin-

idad is now being provoked into the path of agricultural progress by the energetic spirit of her Governor, Sir Henry Jackson.

But the Imperial Department is not enough. The time has now come for a further step. One of the greatest needs of the West Indies is a University of Tropical Agriculture, to take up, to develop and to extend the scope of the work of the Department. We cannot rest content with the provision of travelling experts and advisers trained at Cambridge. We must be able to train, at a West Indian University, not only secondary teachers, but proprietors and managers, in science as applied to the agricultural and horticultural industries of the tropics; and thus open out both a new career and a new prospect of prosperity. Meanwhile, the Department might well enter into negotiations with such an institution as the University College at Reading, which provides an admirable horticultural training for practical men.

Another benefit accruing from Federation would be its effect of mutual insurance of the various islands. Jamaica, as "Imperialist" truly says, is relying perhaps too exclusively on the banana, cultivated for American markets. In Barbados, the staple industry is still sugar—the perpetual football of our party politics. Grenada is surpassing the prosperity of her old sugar days by the cultivation of cacao. Though, in each case, the Imperial Department is gradually introducing subsidiary industries, still the prosperity rests, in each, to too large an extent upon a single crop. Its failure, from whatever cause, would be disastrous to the Colony's finance. With a common Exchequer for Federal purposes, mutual support would be rendered by each to all and by all to each.

One word as to Defence. Safeguarding the islands as against the United States is, at the present time, happily superfluous; as against any other country, their best defence will be found in a strong Atlantic fleet, not in a weak West Indian squadron. The late Government was amply justified in the withdrawal of the naval and military forces from the islands. But at a time when earthquakes, eruptions, hurricanes and riots have followed each other in rapid succession, it is, to say the least, imprudent to leave the islands to the protection of a single cruiser. Surely the time has come when our rulers should recognize the expediency of having, in addition to our ships-of-war, patrol vessels for the policing of outlying portions of the Empire. Some of the moribund cruisers at present gracing the lochs and kyles of the West of Scotland might employ an honored old age in patrolling the Caribbean. They are, of course, unfit to meet an enemy in time of war, and their names would not figure on the Active List of the Navy, but they would carry men and armament sufficient to quell a native riot such as occurred in Trinidad in 1903, in British Guiana in 1905, or in St. Lucia in 1907. We should then be enabled to bring succor to our fellow-subjects in time of trouble instead of being compelled to rely on chance and the charitable intervention of a foreign Power. The cost of this small squadron should be defrayed partly from Imperial, partly from Colonial, funds. The Defence of the Colonies would certainly not be weakened even if their contribution to the maintenance of the patrol squadron involved the disbandment of the somewhat variegated Corps of Yeomanry and Volunteers upon which their security at present depends. Sentiment, in the opinion of "Imperialist," is the sole obstacle to our cession of the West Indies to the United States. Others, not less imperialist, believe that Honor also forbids. If British statesmanship has failed, up till now, to re-

store prosperity to our most ancient Colonies, that is no reason for the abandonment of the task. Past failure is the greatest incentive to present endeavor and future success. The real solution of the West Indian Problem is not to be sought in a policy of "scuttle"; it is to be found in the application of new men, new minds, new methods.

Norman Lamont.

The Contemporary Review.

CHURCHYARD TREES.

From very early ages trees have been associated with the burying-places of the dead. As far back as the times of the Hebrew patriarchs, the cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought for a sepulchre of the children of Heth, was encompassed, we read, "by trees in all the border thereof round about." Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, was buried in the valley below Bethel "under an oak," to which was given the touching name of Allon-bacuth, the oak of weeping.

There are peaceful associations connected with our country churchyards, which appeal to most people. "Sweeter" it seems, as S. Swithun fancied,

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rain,

than in the stateliest of Gothic shrines. "I would rather," said Edmund Burke, "sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets." And this quiet sense of restfulness and peace is engendered in no small degree by the sombre shade and guardianship of our churchyard trees. The pathetic answer of the little maid in Wordsworth's poem betrays all unconsciously this feeling:

Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree.

Or in the more famous lines of Gray's "Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard":

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

It may be partly in consequence of these well-known lines that the elm and the yew-tree are in thought most frequently associated with churchyards, and in certain parts of England they are undoubtedly the commonest churchyard trees. In the north, however, their place seems to be taken by the ash, the lime, and the horse-chestnut. Other species too may frequently be noticed beside ancient churches in the southern counties. The splendid avenue of limes which leads to the west door of Winchester Cathedral will be remembered by all visitors to that fascinating city. In the lonely churchyard of Boldre in the New Forest, on the north side of the church in which the poet Southey married his second wife Caroline Bowles, stands a magnificent maple. Beneath its shadow fitly lies William Gilpin, the author of "Forest Scenery," for twenty years vicar of the parish, amidst the scenes he so much loved and has so graphically described. Many are the allusions in Kingsley's writings to the great Scotch firs which border Eversley churchyard, close to which, in the spot of his own choosing, lies the poet and novelist. Beside some "aged thorns" in Old Bonchurch graveyard will be found the resting-place of John Sterling, the friend of Maurice and Carlyle, and of William Adams, the au-

thor of "The Shadow of the Cross." Still, elms are perhaps the trees most frequently found in churchyards. That of Old Bonchurch, just alluded to, probably the most picturesque in the south of England, is surrounded by lofty elms of great antiquity. In Essex especially, the land of elm-trees, many an interesting church is guarded by ancient elms, in the hollows of which the jackdaws build their nests, and from which the moping owl issues at eventide for its silent flight over the glebe. The stately church of Finchingfield, associated with memories of Stephen Marshal, the famous Parliamentary preacher in the days of the Commonwealth, is sheltered by some magnificent elms, which must have witnessed the changes of that stirring time. In the same neighborhood, the peaceful churchyard of Black Notley is separated from the adjoining cornfields by a long line of ancient elms, which stand sentry over the pyramidal tomb erected to the memory of our illustrious naturalist John Ray.

"In the south of England," wrote Gilbert White, "every churchyard almost has its yew-tree, and some two." This is specially true of Hampshire, as was noticed by the early botanist Thomas Johnson, in his famous edition of "Gerard's Herbal." "In Hampshire," he writes, "there is good plenty of yews growing wilde on the chalkie hills, and in Church-yardes where they have been planted." It is, however, not a little remarkable, as the author of the "Flora Vectensis" pointed out, that whilst we find a yew planted and religiously preserved in front of nearly every ancient parish church in the county, yet "I cannot call to mind," he adds, "the existence of this tree in any one of the churchyards belonging to the thirty parishes into which the Isle of Wight is divided." This is doubtless to be explained by the curious fact that while the yew-tree is common, and undoubtedly indigenous, on the downs of Hampshire, it is almost entirely unknown in the Isle of Wight. Some of the Hampshire yews are of vast size and of most hoary antiquity. We may speak perhaps without exaggeration, in the words of the "In Memoriam," of their "thousand years of gloom." Gilbert White thought that the Selborne tree, which he found to be upwards of twenty-three feet in the girth, was at least coeval with the church. When Cobbett, on one of his "Rural Rides," visited the beautifully situated churchyard, he was naturally struck with this venerable tree. "According to my measurement," he notes, "the trunk is twenty-three feet eight inches in circumference. The trunk is short, as is generally the case with yew-trees; but the head spreads to a very great extent, and the whole tree, though centuries old, appears to be in perfect health." This was written in 1823, and since then the trunk has increased to twenty-five feet two inches in circumference. This is one of the largest churchyard yews in Hampshire, but many others fall not far short of it. There are enormous trees in the churchyards of Durley and of Farringdon, parishes served at one time by Gilbert White as curate. Beside the little Saxon church of Corhampton, in the Meon Valley, now shading the Saxon sun-dial, a magnificent yew, with a girth of over twenty-two feet, may be seen. William Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," thus speaks of a giant yew in Dibden churchyard. "Another tree worth pointing out in the New Forest is an immense yew, which stands in the churchyard at Dibden. It is now, and probably has been during the course of the last century, in the decline of life. But its hollow trunk still supports three vast stems; and measures below them about thirty feet in circumference—a girth which perhaps no other yew-

tree in England can exhibit. Though its age cannot be ascertained, we may easily suppose it has been a living witness of the funerals of at least a dozen generations of the inhabitants of the parish." The same might also be said of the venerable yew-trees in the churchyards of Boarhunt, Brockenhurst, South Hayling, S. Mary Bourne, and of others in the county of Hants.

The object of planting yews in churchyards has been much disputed. Some antiquaries have asserted that the custom arose in order to supply bows for the purpose of archery, but this idea is in the highest degree unlikely. Gilbert White suggested that one object might have been to serve as "a screen to churches by their thick foliage from the violence of winds." They might also, he thought, have been placed as a shelter to the congregation assembling before the church doors were opened, or as an emblem of mortality by their funereal appearance. Perhaps rather, as the learned Ray suggested, the yew was planted in churchyards because, from its evergreen foliage and the great age to which it attained, it was regarded as a symbol of immortality.

Now and again a record may be found in old church accounts, or in some other parish document, of the planting of trees in the churchyards. When Thomas Ken, the author of our Morning and Evening Hymns, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, was rector of East Woodhay, near Newbury, he planted, we learn, a yew-tree in the churchyard. The tree stands on the north side of the church, and though planted over two hundred years ago its trunk only now measures in circumference some seven feet seven inches. At Portchester, on the north side of the Norman church which is situated within the castle walls, there stands a yew with an interesting history. It appears that the tree which formerly stood there was killed by the smoke from the kitchens of the French prisoners, some eight thousand of whom were confined in the castle during the war with Napoleon at the beginning of the last century. The churchwarden's book records the fact that on the departure of the French prisoners a new tree was planted in the place of the one that had been destroyed. The trunk of this yew-tree, at the height of four feet from the ground, now measures seven feet two inches in circumference.

The Saturday Review.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

The advertisement of *"The Clock that Boils Water*, wakes you, lights lamp, boils one pint of water, pours out, puts out lamp, and sounds gong when tea is ready, without human aid," is only the first announcement of the numerous useful and compendious inventions which are likely to come before the public in this age of enlightenment and Radio-activity and *Sir Oliver Lodge*. In this connection we are able to mention several combinations of the same kind, which struck us as especially adapted to the public's needs.

The Bookcase that Ventilates, stops revolving when book is wanted, hands it, or if it is a volume of *The Times Encyclopædia* throws it at you, puts in paper-knife at right place, prevents snoring, marks where you leave off, replaces book, and starts revolving again without human aid, provides excellent ventilation for any room in which it is found,

The Scraper that Barks, for use outside front-door, made in shape of house-dog, retriever, setter, Newfoundland, Great St. Bernard, as per size required; barks when foot is placed on it, once for layman, twice for clergyman, three times, with growl, for duns, shows teeth to scrape boots, wipes same with tail, lets go foot when door is answered, keeps bell ringing till then, without human aid. In ordering, average size of visitor's feet should be given.

The Egg-cup that Calls a Cab, invaluable for man of business, makes eggs fresh, boils as desired, opens, extracts chicken where necessary, savors with salt and pepper, tucks napkin under chin, feeds you, turns pages of morning paper, spreads bread and marmalade to follow, and whistles for four-wheeler, hansom, or taximo, without human aid.

The Pulpit that Intones, locks doors of church when mounted by preacher, turns down lights, starts electric shock along seats of all pews so that attention is fixed, gives note for intonation, renews note twice during sermon, induces appropriate gesticulation, announces final hymn at end of ten minutes, and dismisses preacher, without human aid.

Punch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To their pretty "Remarque Series" the H. M. Caldwell Co. add this season Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and Whittier's "Snowbound,"—two books which are about as far apart in theme and spirit as it is possible for any two books to be.

Youngsters who enjoyed the first series of the adventures of the "Teddy Bears" will have a warm welcome ready for the second volume "More About Teddy B and Teddy G, the Roosevelt Bears," which Edward Stern & Co. of Philadelphia publish. Seymour Eaton is the creator of this mirthful pair of ursine humorists and the narrator of their adventures, and R. K. Culver is the artist who depicts them in scores of diverting illustrations.

Eight of the best of the tales of "The Arabian Nights" edited with an Introduction by W. H. D. Rouse, Litt. D., and illustrated in colors by Walter Paget are published in a gaily-decorated volume by E. P. Dutton & Co. From the same publishers comes a new edition of "The Windfairies and Other Tales," by Mary de Morgan, a series of nine pretty and delicately imaginative stories for children, with illustrations by Olive Cockerell; also an extremely clever bit of canine autobiography, "A Dog Day," written by Walter Emanuel and pictured by Cecil Aldin. The humor is of a sort that young and old will appreciate.

Apparently the mantle of the late Mr. Henty has descended upon Mr. Herbert Strang, for we have, from the press of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, two stories with an historical background, adapted to boy readers, written with an ease and dash quite like Mr. Henty's own. One, "On the Trail of the Arabs," deals with the last years of the Arab domination in Africa and follows the stirring adventures of a gallant lad who joined a punitive expedition after a raiding chief. The other, "Bob the Ranger," is a story of frontier adventure and Indian warfare in the middle of the eighteenth century. Both are illustrated.

Compact, graphic and fully illustrated, Mr. Clive Holland's little volume, "Things Seen in Egypt" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) renders the same service to readers who wish a glimpse of the land of the Pharaohs which the same author's last year's volume on "Things Seen in Japan" rendered to readers desirous of knowing more regarding the Far East.

In his volume on "The Pearl" (The J. B. Lippincott Co.) Mr. W. R. Cattelle not only traverses the history of his subject, writes of its place in literature and describes vividly the ancient and modern processes of pearl fishing, but adds such details about the varieties of the pearl, its value, and its imperfections and imitations as to make his book of practical use in appraising the gem and distinguishing the true from the false. The value of the book, alike from the literary and the practical point of view, is enhanced by the illustrations.

In an attractive volume "From Gretna Green to Land's End" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) Miss Katharine Lee Bates, professor of English at Wellesley College, describes a literary journey in England, from one historic scene or centre of literary interest to another along the way briefly indicated in the title. She had as companions Miss Katharine Coman, also of Wellesley, who furnishes the illustrations from photographs, and another friend; and she has woven into the record of delightful experiences of travel a wealth of literary and personal allusion. This is no guide-book, but a very charming companion of travel, or, to stay-at-home readers, a pleasing substitute for it.

Mr. Ferris Greenslet has rendered a service to lovers of poetry by bringing together in a dainty volume which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish, "The Sonnets of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." There are about sixty sonnets altogether, besides some translations in that form. Mr. Greenslet has arranged them into three groups, into which they seemed naturally to fall,—Personal Sonnets, Nature and The Life of Letters. They are exquisitely wrought and are among the noblest and best-sustained products of Longfellow's imagination.

Mr. Burton E. Stevenson's detectives differ from Sir Conan Doyle's in being fallible, although far more clever than ordinary folk, which is another way of saying that life has shown Mr. Stevenson that widely differing causes produce effects so similar that reasoning from effect to cause is almost invariably erroneous, unless the reasoner is omniscient. In "That Affair at Elizabeth," the amateur detective detects nothing at all, being baffled by the reticence of the woman whom he supposes perfectly frank, but the natural unfolding of events is interesting, and the ending is all that could be desired by the most benevolent. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan's "The Naples Riviera" has nothing of the guide book in its pleasant description, and its accumulation of legend, tradition, and historical anecdote makes it noteworthy among the many descriptions of the region included in the title. The colored pictures with which Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen has illustrated the book are admirable in themselves and extraordinarily well printed, and the only thing lacking to the book is that an American should be its author rather than an Englishman. Cousins are well enough, but it would be pleasant to find an American whose heart was set upon using beautiful words to describe beauty, as Mr. Vaughan uses them. F. A. Stokes & Co.

"Nina's Career," Miss Christina Gowans Whyte's new book for girls, is written in a style so serious that it will be mistaken for a novel by American readers trained upon juvenile literature in which the children have the manner of the nursery and no manners of any species. It is the story of three typical English girls who loved one another in childhood and always remained dear to one another, and each exerting a strong influence upon the lives of the others, and it describes studio life excellently. Macmillan Company.

Easily-deceived people who have been impressed by the performances of professional mediums will find a great deal to their advantage in Mr. David P. Abbott's "Behind the Scenes with the Mediums" which the Open Court Company of Chicago publishes. Mr. Abbott's title is well chosen for he takes the reader from the hushed assemblages, which watch the mysterious manifestations of the mediums, behind the scenes, where the various tricks which impose upon human credulity are devised, and shows by what means the impostures are carried out. He describes with great minuteness and from information obtained from personal experiment or by the actual purchase of mediums' tricks and paraphernalia the processes of deception involved in sealed-letter reading, slate writing, billet tests, materialization and other devices employed by the heartless tricksters who traffic in human hopes and sorrows.

The skilful blending of narrative accounts of the "quest" with descriptions of rare and precious furniture make "The Quest of the Colonial," by Mr. Robert Shackleton and Mrs. Elizabeth Shackleton, unique in the small library produced on its subject since the centenary of American Independence awoke the sleeping lion in the American collector. Moreover, it contains much curious information concerning the proper way to make the best of old houses and old furniture, not by disguising their age but by making it attractive, and may therefore be considered as instructive, even by those who may never hope to go forth with two dollars and return bringing Chippendales and Sheratons. The pictures present a multitude of such spoils gathered in New England and the Middle States and on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Also they exhibit andirons and snuffers and candlesticks, and a house or two, and rooms wherein to put the gathered treasures, and make all the new things at the upholsterers look exceedingly cheap, cheaper even than the bargains obtained by the authors. The Century Company.

The reader who has vowed that nothing short of thumb-screws and the rack shall compel him to read any more pretended novels but real arguments for or against the trusts and the capitalists closes Octave Thanet's "The Lion's Share" with the conviction that he has been beguiled into self-contradiction, and an equally firm conviction that he has not been so well amused for many a day. He has been as one of those under the "spell of glamor might" read by the dwarf in the wizard's book; "All was delusion, naught was truth," from the first page. He fancied himself reading a detective story and found that he was much more gravely engaged, and when he fell back upon the apparent integrity of the most moral and conservative characters in the tale, they were disporting themselves as wildly as Tam o' Shanter's witches, and, finally, he was in effect required to salute the soul of the dying villain with the modern American equivalent of "Son of St. Louis, ascend into heaven"; yet, looking back he felt that

like the singer of the Sestina of the "Tramp Royal," "'E liked it all." It has pleased Octave Thanet to prove that she might, had she chosen, have written novels of two or three sorts which she has never essayed, and the proof is a good tale of a new species. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Professor James Orr of Glasgow, who is one of the profoundest and best read of Biblical scholars, and perhaps the ablest defender of conservative views in Biblical criticism is the author of a volume entitled "The Bible Under Trial" which makes a strong appeal to clergy and laity alike by its ripe scholarship and forceful and simple style. The twelve papers which make up the book are of independent interest and may be read separately if one so choose: but they are linked together by a common purpose and are most convincing if read in their proper order. Opening with a chapter showing that it is no new thing for the Bible to be subjected to the trial of criticism and attack, and directing attention to certain signs of reaction from the extreme positions of Wellhausenism, and then treating as an instructive object-lesson the decline and fall of the Tubingen school of criticism, Professor Orr goes on to review the pre-suppositions with which the more extreme critics of the present time start, and the so-called "settled results" of their criticism, and to examine the testimony of archaeology, the oppositions of science, and the relations of religion and ethics, and finally presents Christ as the citadel of faith and the Bible as the hope of the world. The book is reassuring and helpful to a high degree. A. C. Armstrong & Son, publishers.

There are cats and cats, in fiction as at the show, and, as in the pens, so in books, their ladyships become more and more sophisticated with time, and the distance between the exquisite blue Persian and the alley-cat is no wider than that between poor Clarissa's Miss Partington and Imogen Upton, "self-centred, self-righteous, cold-hearted," the mainspring of the complicated piece of mechanism to which Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick gives the title "A Fountain Sealed." Imogen is emphatically and entirely of her century; she prattles in its fallacies, bewildering those who see the truth and speak it; eternal realities are unseen and unheard while she sits and speaks for the camera and phonograph to record the careful attitude and studied words of to-day; her self-complacency, brilliant and impenetrable as a diamond, survives the crushing blows inflicted by some who understand her, and the whelming weight of the contempt which would fain grind her to powder. The eighteenth century cat deceived, insulted, endeavored to injure; the nineteenth century cat, the incomparable Becky, Rose Dartle, Charity Pecksniff, Hortense, aimed at self-advancement; the way of Imogen Upton's twentieth century cat, is to misstate the position and the arguments of others and always to postulate perfection as her undoubted monopoly. The stepmother whose lover she beguiles; the clear-sighted American whom she transforms from a lover into an enemy; the women whom she changes from friends to implacable foes; the cool headed Englishwomen whom she cannot deceive; are powerless against her and the reader partakes of their baffled anger. The Century Company.

The elaborate devices by which spiritualist mediums, clairvoyants, fortune-tellers, mind-readers, and other professors of extraordinary abilities maintain their pretensions have been described again and again, but faith in the Katie Kings springs perennial in the gullible

mind, and "there's something in it," persists the innumerable caravan. It is impossible that Mr. Gelett Burgess can have expected that his "The Heart Line" would divert a penny from the pocket-book of any pretender, much more is it impossible that he should have expected to modify that peculiar temperament, that strong predilection for gambling which set the San Francisco of a few years ago apart from all other American cities. Evidently he wrote his story with purely artistic intention of showing life among those who live by their wits. It is an ugly spectacle, but he does not deepen its shadows by any profession of horror, his innocent although easily deceived heroine is a pleasant figure and the victims of the various charlatans in the tale are not too silly. The entire atmosphere of the book is Bohemian, its little chorus being composed of easy-going literary and artistic folk; its scenes being laid in restaurants, theatres and mediums' "parlors," but it is consistent, and it has a far more truthful air than any former work of the author. Its defect is the diffuseness of its conversations and the many repetitions in its enumerations of spiritualistic tricks. The former fault wearies, and the latter is destructive of influence. If the story were half as long it might be effective among very young readers, unaware of the ancient history of fraud. The author's favorite character is evidently Fancy Grey, an airy, graceful little sinner whose charm is felt by good women, and whose death is sincerely mourned by all except the rather coarse and flabby person really responsible for it. Bobbs, Merrill Co.

Ocean steamers and railways are good comfortable creatures without doubt, but better the clear fire, the clean hearth, and a book like Mr. Thomas Okay's "The Old Venetian Palaces and Old Venetian Folk," if one would know the fair city of the islands. Even if, ultimately, one must take oneself to Venice, it is better first to let her come to him who would see her, as she comes in this book, a place of gracious color and inscrutable line, unique, dominant, fascinating. Mr. Trevor Haddon has given the volume fifty colored pictures, garden views, canal vistas, palace walls and portals with centuries of story for their inheritance; and in black and white he has given it not only many reproductions of unfamiliar beautiful places, but some bits which having been first seen in "Stones of Venice" seem half sacred to those who owe their first awakening to art to that trumpet summons. Thanks to felicitous arrangement, these descriptions of the old palatial architecture and the annexed summary of the records of diarists present a skeleton history of the republic, and a reflection of its life during the period between 1470 and 1550 when the most beautiful and original palaces were built. One chapter "The Sumptuary Laws" is worthy of especial mention, for neither the free cities nor the Puritans approached the rulers of Venice in their attempts to control the expenditure of the citizens. In 1533 it was ruled that wedding presents should not consist of more than six silver spoons or forks of the value of one ducat. It was thought to be to the great scandal of the republic that a bride had a dress of cloth of gold; the senators could find no word less than damnable for costumes of which even half was cloth of gold. Game and domestic fowls could not be served at wedding feasts and he who would eat oysters must sit at the table with fewer than nineteen other persons. This chapter plays a large part in making the book one of the best of the decorative volumes of the season. E. P. Dutton & Co.